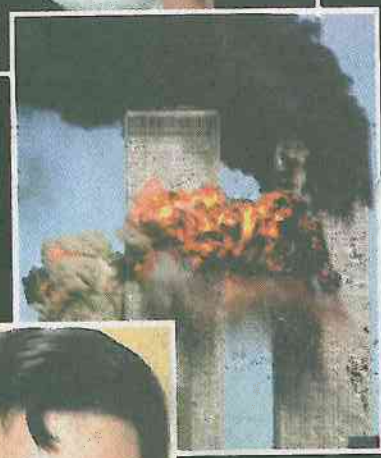


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ON DIT

'LOWERING THE BAR SINCE 2008'

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY'S STUDENT-MADE "PUBLICATION" CONSPIRACY THEORY DEATH TO AMERICA

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COVER

'Why so serious?'
Michael's creative genius.
That is all.

On Dit:

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To all of our friends who got their articles in on time and the foes who did their best.
 To Mamma Lella for allowing her family secret to be divulged in *On Dit*.
 To Clare for the bars and love and laying out and proof reading.
 To the term 'sucking a fat one' - is that still vegan?
 Myriam for the Rocher (we've hidden them somewhere special).
 Julia Roberts and Mel Gibson.
 I can't believe it's not butter!
 Trent Harron, Rhiannon Monks, Joe Roberts (who wrote articles) and people who sent in letters. Your support and love for *On Dit* is appreciated.
Entropy.
 Marissa, Kim & David C. for your continual help and support.
 Student politicians for the entertainment; your displays of desperation are always enlightening.
 Good times and Natty's birthday for ultimate funness.
 The Olympics, which allowed Mike to live a life vicariously through others.
 The 1000s of entrants who entered the draw for Parklife.
 Wallpaper.
 Mel for the sherbies.
 Vincent for depleting our supplies so quickly.
 Millsie's singer-songwriter complex.
 The new Kings of Leon song & TV on the Radio - what a 'golden age' we live in, where 'sex is on fire'.
 Our family and friends for being supportive and feeding us and loving us... yeah, love.

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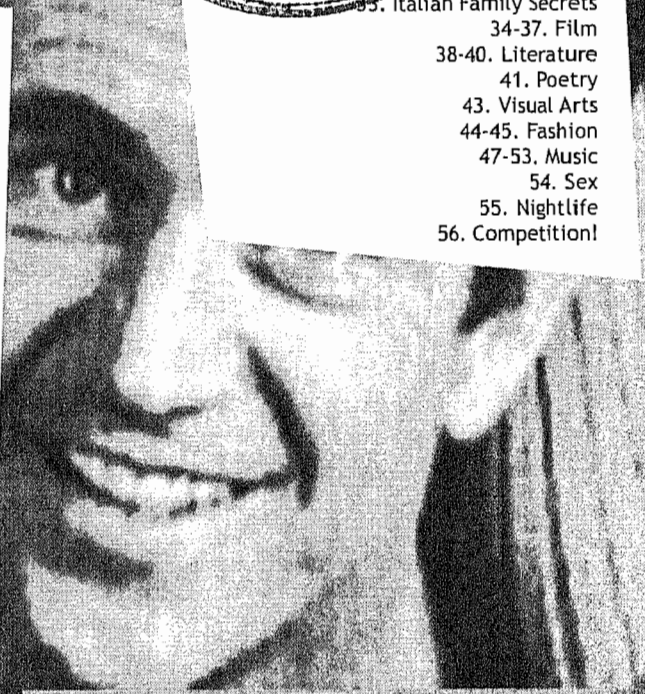
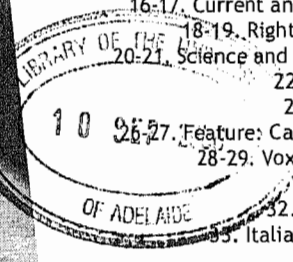
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Elle Dit
 On Dit's
 Women's Edition
 Out October 7
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It's time we got to know each
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Letters

Hear ye! Hear ye! Join the unwashed masses who write into the letters page. Maybe you want to tell that cute girl/cute boy in your lecture what you think of them. Drop us a line.

Keep it under 400 words and send it to

ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Elections; Is there any point?

What's the point of student elections? To advocate for fellow students, or to beat your enemies and win their seats? Once on the board, how are you going to change the University? Who makes submissions and actually advocates on behalf of students, and how can the average student find out what work the student politician has actually done? Where is the evidence of advocacy done and submissions made? Is there a job description, a precedent that is followed, or a report made periodically? Does everyone have to hate each other, and why can't they all co-operate a little more? What regulations and procedures are in place to "keep the bastards honest" and who co-ordinates the factions; foremost, who maintains the dignity of each faction's campaign? No one, everyone, the factions themselves? Does my local friendly student politician actually embody the policies they espouse? Take a look at behavior over a period of time, and you may decide for yourself.

Would any sane person run for election? I'm struggling hard to find evidence of achievements, rather, I'm always told how the 'other' (those mysterious people running against the candidate you're talking to) are always blocking anything and everything that's good. Basically if the 'others' never got in, nothing would have ever got fucked up, no corruption, total water-cooler democracy all the time and everywhere, and we'd all see the AUU Board sharing lovingly iced cupcakes on the Barr Smith Lawns with all the students on a daily basis. If the 'others' hadn't managed to get votes through their nasty campaigning in previous years, hey, the AUU would have been positively solvent, UniBar would be selling beers for 50c and like, life would be so much better. If I look at some individuals running I can't find a great regard for the democratic process or at least for the vote decided on sound bite campaigning.

The University campus stretches out like an African Savannah, and for even the seasoned student, it seems that access to hard facts and information is nigh impossible to find. What keeps federal and state parliamentarian relatively honest and accountable is the vast institutional network of cumbersome bureaucracy and media. There is little to no day to day coverage of student elections, and therefore a lack of objective opinion and information. This doesn't seem to matter though, as AUU elections seem to be won and lost by other means. Dirty tactics are exploited, always with a wary eye for what the RO might do, and potential disqualification is the worst; all the hard work comes to nothing in the event of disqualification.

So back to the point of running for student Board positions... I think it's to win. The primary instinct in all of us that seeks to dominate and overpower... or there is the accusation that they are all just CV sluts, wanting to polish their resumes for potential job opportunities that they'll positively walk into on the back of being elected. How true could that accusation truly be? Surely with all the alleged work they do, for no pay, why wouldn't you just swim the Bass Strait to gain your fifteen minutes of fame?

So on polling week, and in the voting booth what actually decides a student's vote? Arguably, the personal appearance of the candidate or the candidate's representatives probably plays a role, as does what faction they are aligned with, as does their social status within the University. Apparently what school you went to, how influential and popular you were at high school and beyond also plays a huge part. What's your history, are you a seasoned politician who will get votes simply because you're seen as kinda of powerful and so the up and coming should align themselves with you, to get ahead in the future.

Then there's the sound-bite campaign, which extends for precisely the time it takes you to walk to the ballot box, all along being barraged with policies and reasons to vote for X and shun Z. Alternatively you could spend weeks looking into the workings of a faction, talking to members and candidates about how they may or would like to improve the University, only to come up more confused and disillusioned than at the start. Hey, can I say I'm a student, I'm out here, wanting information, and I'm starving for it still...

So once again, I ask what's the point of running in student elections? If you ask me, there is something amiss. Is it just me or do student pollies seem like a bunch of lorikeets all fighting for the same branch in the forest of trees?

Lily Pearce

Obituary

Aleksandr Isayevich Solzhenitsyn
(11/12/1918 - 03/08/2008)

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was born December 11, 1918 in his beloved Russia. Inhabiting the great heights of Russian literature, he is considered peer to such writers as Chekhov, Pushkin, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Apart from being an applauded (and persecuted) novelist, he was in his lifetime also a skilled mathematician, army officer, decorated war veteran, school teacher, historian, dramatist, and political activist.

In 1975 while still serving on the front, Solzhenitsyn was arrested and accused of anti-Soviet propaganda and after receiving the same terrible beatings and interrogation that scores of the accused endured he was sentenced to an eight year term in the Soviet Gulag system on 7 July 1975. He endured the Gulag system at several camps and facilities, the whole time writing from his experiences and memorising it all to write on his release. He was eventually released to internal exile where he also endured life-threatening cancer and wrote secretly at night.

In 1962 at the age of 42, Solzhenitsyn's first novel *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was published, and caused shockwaves through the Soviet Union, manifesting the underlying anti-Stalinism of the people. Other notable publications by Solzhenitsyn were *The First Circle* (1968), *Cancer Ward* (1968) and *The Gulag Archipelago* (1973-1978). Solzhenitsyn through his no-nonsense writing and stiff morals pushed the realities of Stalinism and the Gulag system into the consciousness of the western world. Because of this he received the Nobel Prize in Literature (1970) but was also severely persecuted by the Soviet government. He was spied on, threatened, excluded from the Writer's Union even though he was one of the most popular writers in the Soviet Union at the time, his wife was restricted in employment, his friends were arrested, his works stolen, vicious rumors were concocted, false shameful histories were publicised...the list goes on. In 1974, Solzhenitsyn was exiled from the Soviet Union and lived in the U.S for many years, his Soviet citizenship was only restored in 1990 and he subsequently returned to his fatherland.

Not long ago on the 3rd day of August, Aleksandr Isayevich Solzhenitsyn, the great novelist, died of heart failure at the age of 89.

"I am of course confident that I will fulfill my tasks as a writer in all circumstances - from my grave even more successfully and more irrefutably than in my lifetime. No one can bar the road to truth, and to advance its cause I am prepared to accept even death. But may it be that repeated lessons will finally teach us not to stop the writer's pen during his lifetime? At no time has this ennobled our history."

May Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn finally be in peace and may his truth live on; may the victims of the Soviet regime never be forgotten.

Mārtiņš Medenis

The Klomper Bites Back

Dear Dr. Dan,

First of all I am very pleased to see that I have a readership of at least one - a considerably larger number than I previously thought. I agree that Iran is being presented as a 'Great Evil', and I was certainly aware of past interferences by the US and the consequences of installing the Shah. However, I appreciate being pointed out to the misquotation of Ahmadinejad. I've read the piece by Arash Norouzi on www.mohammadmossadegh.com, which from the looks of your letter you may have read as well, and it was certainly interesting. Mistranslations and quotes are serious, especially when it comes to a region where there is constant fear of attacks being launched. Again I agree with you that he doesn't seem to be a very nice guy, and I personally wouldn't want to live under his regime. I could go on a much bigger rant about the Middle East but I won't, I just thought I would answer my one and only (albeit critical) letter.

Hopefully our exchange has made other people think about the issues at least, so then my attempt at a one page summary of the Middle East won't have totally been in vain!

Barbara Klompenhouwer

Union Pleasantries

Dear Eds,

I would like to be the first to say "Well Done Lavinial" (and other AUU board members) on securing a ten-year funding deal with the University, even without knowing the full details I can see that this will greatly support the AUU and ensure its survival for the next decade. Even if the current AUU board achieves nothing else in their term they can be satisfied knowing that the AUU will survive because of their efforts.

This agreement highlights the efforts that are required by elected office bearers of the AUU. I strongly encourage every student with the slightest of interest in the AUU, SRC, or campus culture at Adelaide Uni to take part in the upcoming student elections.

But please, please, put some thought into your vote. Having dedicated people in these positions is essential to the successful functioning of the AUU. Talk to candidates about their policies, ask the questions you want answered, make sure that you are voting for the person who is going to most effectively represent YOUR interests as a student at Adelaide Uni.

Viva Le Union!
Viva La Presidential!

Danna

Dodgy Election Rulings

Want a conspiracy? Look no further than among the ranks of your own University Union.

This year, you will not get to choose *On Dit* editors. Apparently, a vote, even if fairly conducted, can still be undemocratic. Evidently, the true goal of a student election is not fairness and impartiality, but legality.

Two teams ran for *On Dit* editorship this year. Both had a vision, and a will to sacrifice a year of their life to continue this much cherished and iconic publication. You, the reader, will not get to choose between them. Instead, in order to preserve the democratic legitimacy of the *On Dit* editorship, there will be no elections.

On Dit is a newspaper by students, for students. Frankly, I assume, students care little for constitutional subtleties. But such sentiments are not deemed correct. *On Dit* is too important to leave on uncertain ground. Better to sweep the floor away altogether.

Forget about getting the best editorial team. Worry about getting an editorial team at all.

Myriam Robin, who wants this sorted out,
now.

More Food For Thought

Dear Editors,

Given that three-quarters of the world's people hover between starvation and malnutrition I find food and cooking programmes obscene, along with arguments over food quality as in the most recent *On Dit*.

That said, Hannah Mattner's claim of improvement in the Mayo is correct. In 1995 I observed the Mayo to be much inferior to Rumours and Equinox and therefore patronised them until their demise. Dr. Dan is wrong on this count and wrong on a second. The University does not have a "captive clientele." He should stand on the Art Gallery steps and see the vast numbers of students at 12.00pm heading for Rundle Mall and North Terrace to the many well presented and affordable venues there.

The students of 1960 were, however, a captive clientele. We ate at 'the Refec' because the choices were the Railway Station or the pie carts, but as the straw is a life raft to the drowning female editor, so the two large crumbed sausages, chips and peas were sustenance to the student although it was disconcerting to occasionally observe fussy Botany students dissecting the peas to expose ice crystals. Politics students could affirm their solidarity with the working class by choosing the other staple offering - meat pie, chips and peas - sauce one penny extra. I can only suggest to Dr. Dan that he love Adelaide Uni or 'Arrivaderci' and go to Aroma.

Dean Broadbent

LSS Controversy

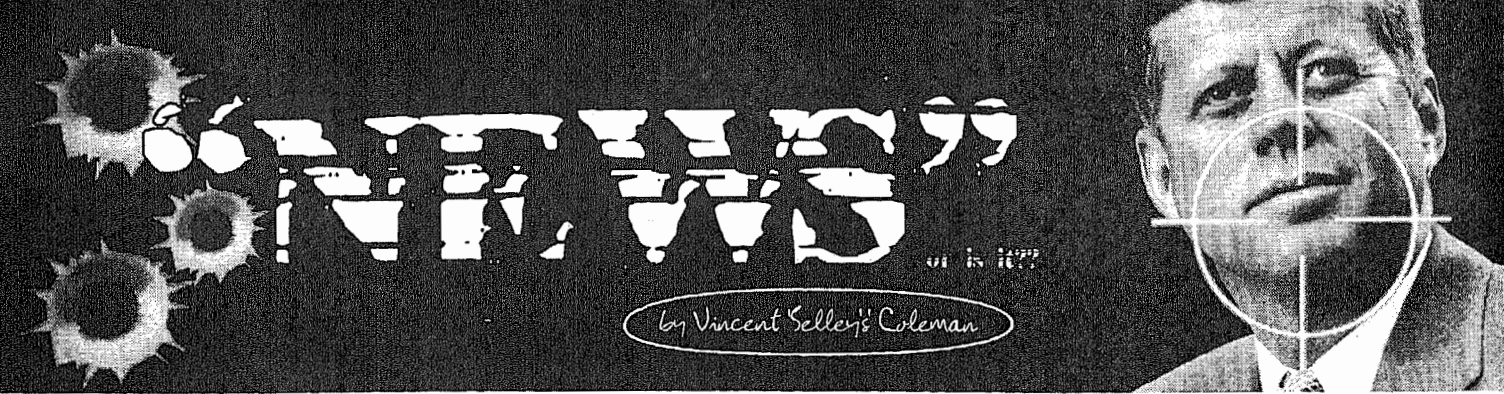
Well, LSS elections are finally over, and my aren't we glad!

The elections provided us burgeoning litigators with a once a year democratic opportunity at accountability and transparency, or just to start again. After a full week of candidates 'allegedly' threatening 'not insignificant' claims of defamation actions against each other, we all contemplate retracting the said statements and claiming 'no offence' to our future classmates. It was a dangerous week, although fortunately few of us have military training otherwise a coup would surely have ensued! We, potential paper pushes, would have been reduced to throwing hastily constructed paper planes made from discarded pages of the *Criminal Consolidation Code* from the windows of the Ligertwood. Or perhaps slinging sharpened HB's at each other from suspenders borrowed from a visiting professor (or the skankily dressed young chick) in the hope of marking the oppositions slick Armani ties. Luckily it didn't come to that or else all the glam girls would have had to eBay their Tiffany & Co. silver to pay for extra photocopying credit to print counter claims and pamphlets.

Some of us had even stooped to writing hurried Facebook messages pleading to be allowed back to the public Adelaide Uni Law Students page, only to be repeatedly accused of stalking M&M's. In the midst of all this, one began to feel an imminent diagnosis of MSS (Mad Student Syndrome) coming on, however the cure for this curious malady was the collective sigh of relief when things failed to turn a lighter shade of baby blue, and the rest of the spectrum was allowed in. Having resisted the almost uncontrollable urge to put multiple staples through the photocopied likeness of my most dislike candidate, I saw that others hadn't been so restrained as I noticed more than a few defaced pamphlets lying around (quick collect them for evidence in your defamation suites!). Now we are all grown up and back to studying riveting pages of the Trade Practices Act. So in the end not all was deemed unconstitutional and there is hope that the promises made during the election were not too 'far fetched or fanciful' to be brought to fruition.

Lily
Pearce





by Vincent Selley's Coleman

***Warning: I was asked to write the news column at very short notice. What you are about to read is a fast and loose, potentially controversial, somewhat jaded and admittedly rough interpretation of the world now as I see it in the hazy wee sleepless hours of a house warming come-down.*

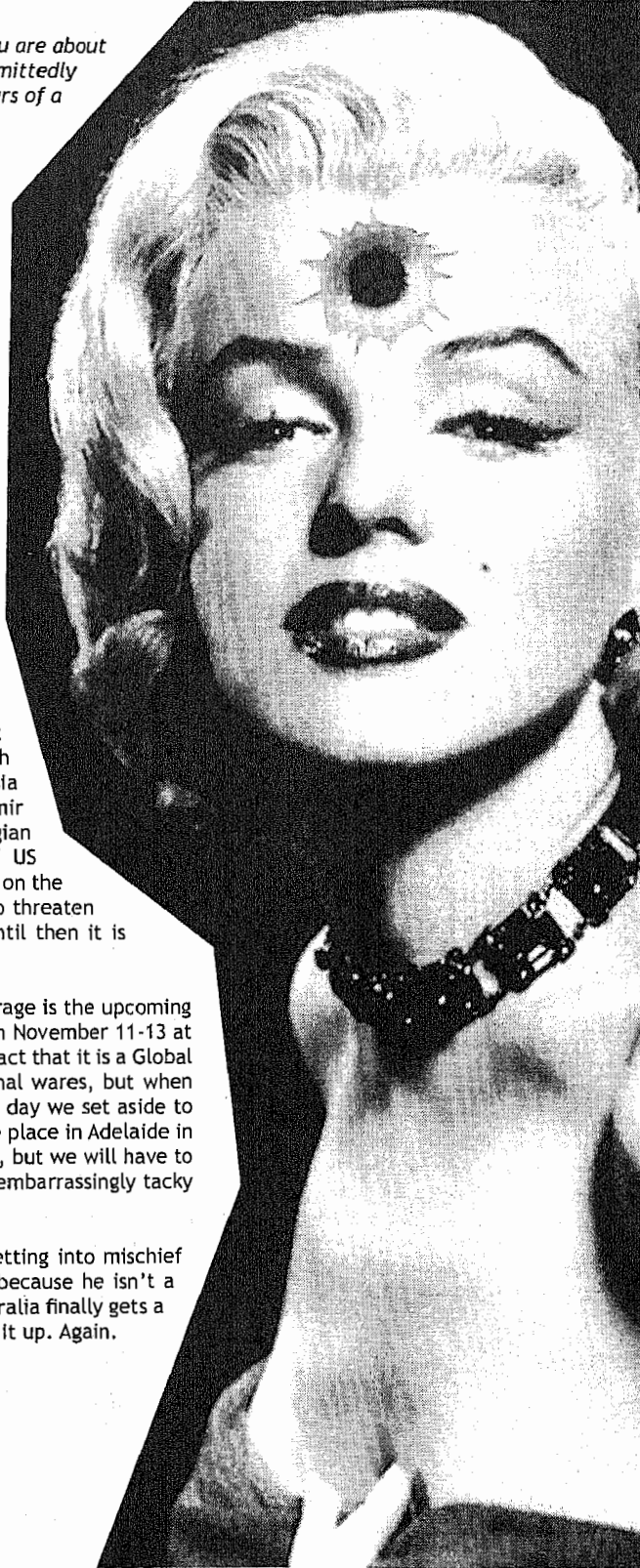
The 2008 Beijing Olympics are well and truly over. No one died of smog, no great political change occurred in the troubled region and we have only to see who after dedicating themselves for years to that one opportunity to prove themselves 'the greatest' picks up a lucrative underwear modelling contract ala Stephanie Rice. Wasn't it not so long ago that Australia's latest Olympic 'golden girl' was dubbed a scandalous whore? Now she's in magazines, underwear shoots and swanning about at *Marie Claire* cocktail parties, being photographed more lasciviously than ever before. But that's Gold for you. Perhaps had Nick D'Arcy been given a chance to power through the pool like he powered through Simon Cowley's face he'd be an underwear model too.

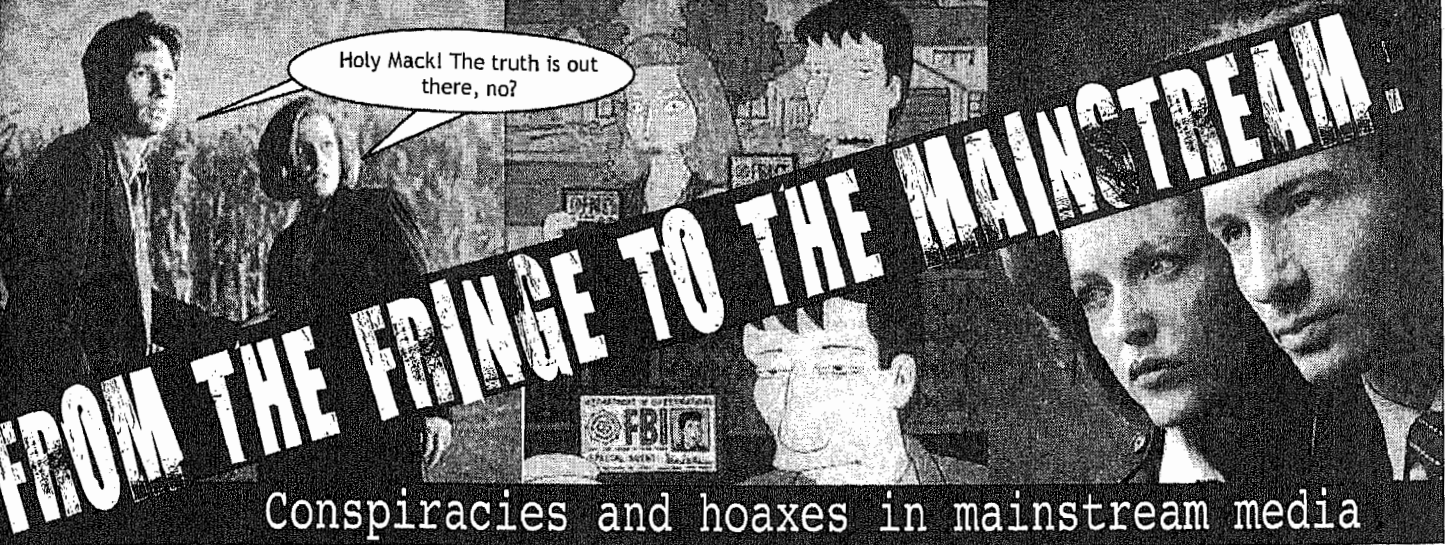
Further abroad the world has its eyes firmly on America as the election build-up reaches critical levels. At the Democratic National Convention, the massively indebt Hilary Clinton gave her support to Barack Obama, who now faces off against Republican candidate John McCain in what has become a two-man race. Barack Obama gave a strong and passionate speech, highly critical of both George W. Bush and John McCain, on the 45th anniversary of Martin Luther King's 'I Have A Dream' speech, as well as a heart-warming goodnight wish to his adorable children via giant video screen. All eyes are now on what will happen at the Republican National Convention.

Moving onto what America isn't watching, the Georgia-Russia conflict continues to raise tensions in the Black Sea. It seems Georgia overestimated the US support garnered from purchasing US weapons, joining NATO and owning a hefty length of critical oil pipeline, and critically underestimated the backlash from a Russia re-establishing itself as a global power in eyes of the west. Ex-President Vladimir Putin is still very much in control of Russia as Prime Minister, and fool on Georgian president Mikheil Saak'ashvili for daring Russia, although recent analysis of US intelligence has shown that the conflict could have been avoided had they acted on the information available to them. It is speculated however, that if Russia begins to threaten Turkey, the US will step in and become an active part in the conflict, but until then it is anyone's guess as to what will happen next.

Finally, while on the topic of global military conflict and social scandal and outrage is the upcoming Asia Pacific Defence and Security Exhibition (APDSE) being held in Adelaide from November 11-13 at the Adelaide Convention Centre. The widespread outrage is not only due to the fact that it is a Global Arms Fair where military companies come together to exhibit their latest lethal wares, but when it's being held. The opening day of the trade fair falls on Remembrance Day, a day we set aside to remember those who lost their lives defending Australia. The APDSE was to take place in Adelaide in 1993 but was cancelled due to public outrage. Widespread protests are planned, but we will have to wait and see if the fair will once again be called off, particularly in this rather embarrassingly tacky double-booked occasion.

Summing up, Australia are still as insanely good at swimming as we are at getting into mischief on the turps, Barack Obama is probably going to win the US election if only because he isn't a bumbling moron, Eastern Europe is as politically unstable as ever and South Australia finally gets a chance to show itself as an important player in the world economy only to fuck it up. Again.





Holy Mack! The truth is out there, no?

Conspiracies and hoaxes in mainstream media

Media industries have always provided fertile ground for the spreading of conspiracy theories. Over the years an almost bewildering range of conspiracies, hoaxes, and cons have wheedled their way into mainstream media, not to mention the millions who stay on the fringe in tabloid and 'enthusiast' media. Those cons, hoaxes and conspiracies that have been lucky enough to get taken seriously from a major news outlet have hit the big time, with their amazing stories spreading like wildfire across the globe. It is worth remembering that while we often dismiss the rants and ravings of an Alien conspiracy magazine, we are more likely to take seriously something published or aired on mainstream media (such as public newspapers, television news programmes, radio etc.) Of course when the hoax is proven false the media has just as good a time exposing and damning the culprits than it did setting them up as credible sources of amazing information. This only proves what we knew all along: that mainstream media can be just as hysterical and open to deceit as fringe media.

The differences between conspiracies, hoaxes and cons are subtle, and many issues fall into all three categories. A conspiracy (an actual one, not a supposed one) is meant to be an "evil, unlawful, treacherous, or surreptitious plan formulated in secret" (dictionary.com), at least by definition. When conspiracies raise their ugly heads in the media they tend to either be against the government (for example, in the form of terrorism) or orchestrated by the government. Some famous alleged conspiracies (and hoaxes orchestrated by conspirators) include the theory that the Apollo 11 moonwalk was staged, in order to fulfill Kennedy's promise of landing a man on the moon before the end of the 1960s. Even former U.S president Clinton said in his autobiography *My Life* (2004) that "back then, I thought he [an acquaintance who believed the landing was faked] was a crank. During my eight years in Washington, I saw some things on TV that made me wonder if he wasn't ahead of his time." (p. 156). Such comments serve only to promote the conspiracy theory, with the celebrity factor correspondingly enhancing the media credibility of the theory.

Other popularised conspiracies include Governmental conspirators, such as current U.S president George Bush. One such theory runs that Bush's administration knew ahead of time that there was to be a terrorist attack on New York in September 2001, but instead of warning anyone or preventing against it, allowed it to happen to serve as an excuse for the invasion of Iraq and Afghanistan. In this case we see a clear line of reasoning. First you get the event, which is usually something particularly unusual that demands major media coverage. Secondly, those who find themselves too baffled to comprehend the event then seek alternative explanations, often finding it easier to believe in a conspiracy rather than the 'real' reason itself. It seems strange to me that while these events are published in mainstream media (and generally based

on at least verifiable facts) people find it easier to believe in a stranger explanation which has no factual basis whatsoever.

Hoaxes are akin to conspiracies in that they involve a band of conspirators who scheme against others. However they differ in two key aspects: they are often meant to con people in order for the conspirators to obtain money, fame or popularity from the public, and they are generally benign. Major hoaxes, like the image taken by Hugh Gray back in 1933 of the Loch Ness Monster, have involved everything from Elvis to Extra Terrestrials (or both at the same time.) One of my favourite media hoaxes would have to be that of Big Foot, the hairy giant gorilla supposedly stalking around the Pacific Northwest and the frozen north of the U.S. Back in 1967 Bob Heironimus released an image of what he called 'Bigfoot' near Bluff Creek in Northern California. Only recently (back in 2004) did Heironimus admit that the subject was himself, dressed up in a gorilla costume (Worldnet Daily). It seems that we have not gotten more creative during this period. In recent weeks it was reported that two American hunters "who claimed to have definitive evidence proving the existence of Bigfoot" were revealed as con artists when their supposed frozen carcass of Bigfoot turned out to be a giant gorilla costume (*Telegraph* 20/8/08) Hoaxes such as these prove true the axiom, "if it sounds too good to be true, it probably is." These bizarre, often very enjoyable hoaxes take the public for a ride, but rarely do the conspirators actually get away with it.

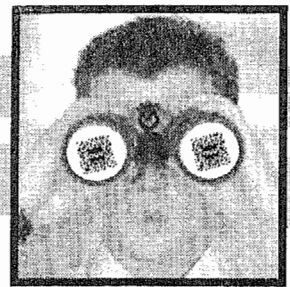
It is unlikely that there will ever be a point in time when conspiracy theories are unlikely to crop up. As I see it, the main reason for this is that regardless of the facts, believers in conspiracy theories continue to have faith in these concepts because any perceived threats to these beliefs are viewed as components of the conspiracy. So instead of acknowledging, for instance, the evidence that Buzz Aldren and Neil Armstrong brought home from the moon, those hooked by the conspiracy believe the evidence to be another part of the conspiracy. I can understand the importance of researching events, instead of simply taking the media's word for it. After all, problems with bias, corruption and political spin continue to this day to plague the media landscape. However I'm not convinced that conspiracies offer suitable alternative sources of information. Instead do yourself a favour and find out for yourself. After all, the truth is out there.

Genevieve Williamson



AUU WATCH

with Hannah Mattner



I pity you all. I really do. While I was settling into Toronto last week, you all had to run the gauntlet of student politicians. Since at least the last few weeks of mid-semester holidays, the politicians on campus - particularly factional leaders such as Lavinia Emmett-Grey, Sandy Biar and Simone McDonnell - have been dedicating practically all of their spare time to plotting and planning to ensure that the elections come out in the way that they want, and which they think will be the best outcome for the union. While most people don't seem to believe it, no-one puts this much effort into the AUU without caring deeply about making it work into the future.

While this passion and dedication is a good thing for the Board in the long run, it also means that you probably spent the last week putting up with people who were begging, pleading, explaining, dissembling, hoping, crying, wishing, beguiling, promising, proselytising, pushing, cajoling, badmouthing, manipulating, enticing, burning, badgering, caring, worrying, arguing, offering and, on occasions, screaming in the hope that it will help them or their faction to get onto Union Board.

Fortunately for you, the elections are over now, and the hard work will once again be

left to those who (in most cases) are there because they're willing to do it. And hard work it will be. There's a whole range of issues that are looming in wait for the Board of 2009. The big ones are as follows:

Unibooks

There's the strong possibility that the Unibooks Board will approach the AUU again, probably early in the term of the new Board, with a proposal that Unibooks be sold to the University. When this was first proposed in August (the proposal was withdrawn before the Board meeting to be revised so that it had a better chance of passing through Board on its first attempt), the deal would have provided extra funding for three years. Most of Board appeared to prefer to keep Unibooks as a bargaining chip against vagaries of University funding in the future.

Funding

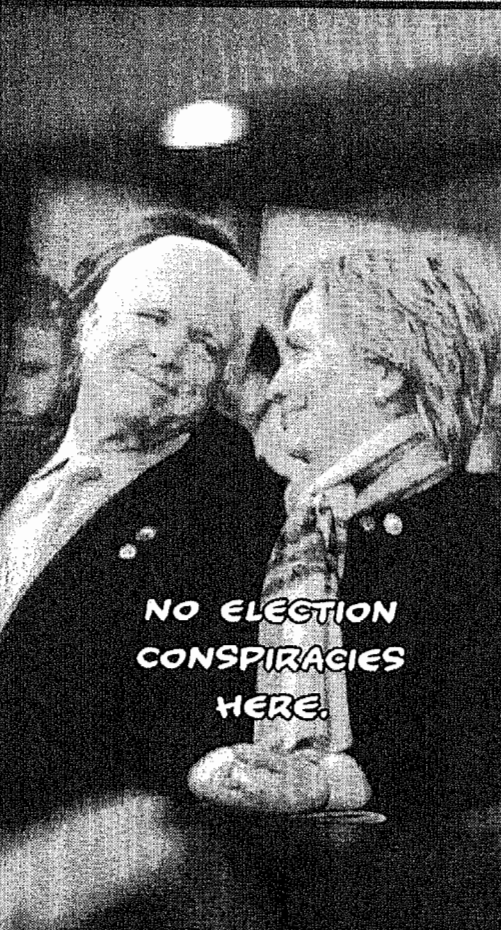
While the Union and the Uni have a ten year funding deal in place, it is up to the Union to learn to manage its money productively and to lay a useful financial groundwork for subsequent Boards. This will become even more complicated when the Government figures out exactly what it's going to do about ensuring funding for student unions in the coming years.

Constitutional Reforms

The ridiculous convolutions that took place to ensure this year's elections went ahead at all have shown in the strongest possible manner just how important proper constitutional reforms will be for the coming year. University Council will pass nothing less than effective and wholesale reform, so it is essential that the new Board begin re-writing the constitution and the election rules early to ensure that they are in place in plenty of time. Not only will this make the elections easier, it will streamline the Board enormously.

The National Wine Centre

To maintain good campus culture, the Union needs to be able to work with the NWC. However, this year many students have found the NWC management closed to working with students, and have seen more and more student events heading off campus where they can get more reasonable prices and better services. The current Board is trying to get somewhere with the NWC over this, but it is undoubtedly a problem that will continue over to the new Board.



**NO ELECTION
CONSPIRACIES
HERE.**

By the time you're reading this, election week will be over. Most general students hate student elections because they're constantly harassed by needy student politicians. But as a student representative, student elections for me are better than Christmas. I love the opportunity to talk to literally hundreds of students in a week about things that have happened in the Adelaide University Union over the past twelve months, the things we have achieved and the part I have played in that. It is also a chance for me to stand and be judged by the students I represent. At the time of writing this column, I have no idea of the outcome of the ballot, but I hope that I have shown my dedication to my role over 2008.

The responses from general students vary greatly. Some will just ignore you, some will pretend they're not studying at Adelaide Uni, or that they've voted already (one student pretended he'd voted before the polls even opened on the Monday.) Some students have never heard of the Adelaide University Union, but it is the students who ask questions or who demand answers that I love the most.

If you wish to ask questions, or demand answers, you can contact me on lavinia.emmett-grey@adelaide.edu.au.

Adelaide University Union
President
Lavinia Emmett-Grey

STATE OF THE UNION

Photo by Robert Fletcher



Democracy; who needs it? *end sarcasm*

Unless you were particularly oblivious during the election week just gone, you'll probably have noticed that this year's elections were a bit...smaller than usual. This is because the elections for the Student Representative Council, National Union of Students delegates and Student Media - everything except AUU Board - were not held.

Back in the Union's ancient history, pre-VSU that is, there was the Student Association of Adelaide Uni (SAUA.) They were basically the same body as the SRC is aiming to be when it grows up; although I expect everyone involved is hoping that the SRC will be more functional. The SAUA was where all the technical allowances for elections sat, so when the SAUA was disbanded, all elections other than those for AUU Board became invalid. Last year the people running the AUU were ignorant - wilfully or otherwise - of this, so the elections went ahead. However, this year a complaint was lodged by David Wilkins, ex-President and policy leader for the Pulse (Labor Right) faction.

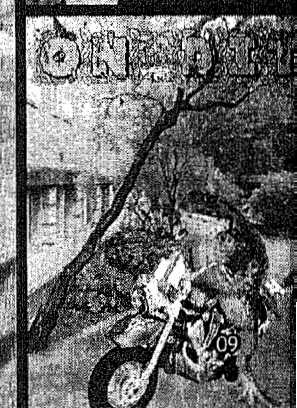
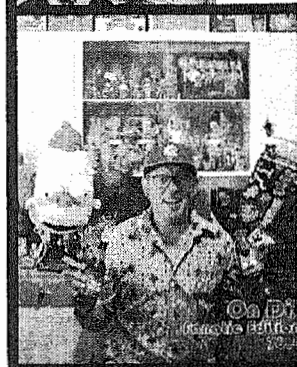
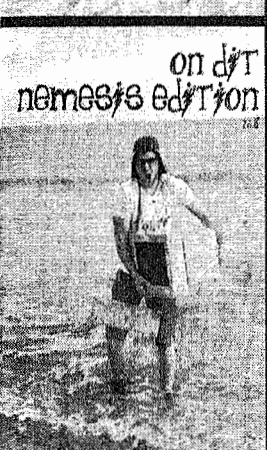
This complaint revolved around the way that the SRC was brought into being. To create a committee like the SRC, a rule must be passed twice at separate sittings through the AUU Board and then once through University Council. The rule to create the SRC went through Board in September '07 and April '08, but it never cleared the final hurdle: University Council. In what Lavinia Emmett-Gray, AUU President, described as "a bullying tactic." UC refused any such rule unless it was accompanied by complete constitutional reform which the Board did not have - or make - time for. This left the election in a tenuous position which was revealed fully when David lodged a complaint about their illegality.

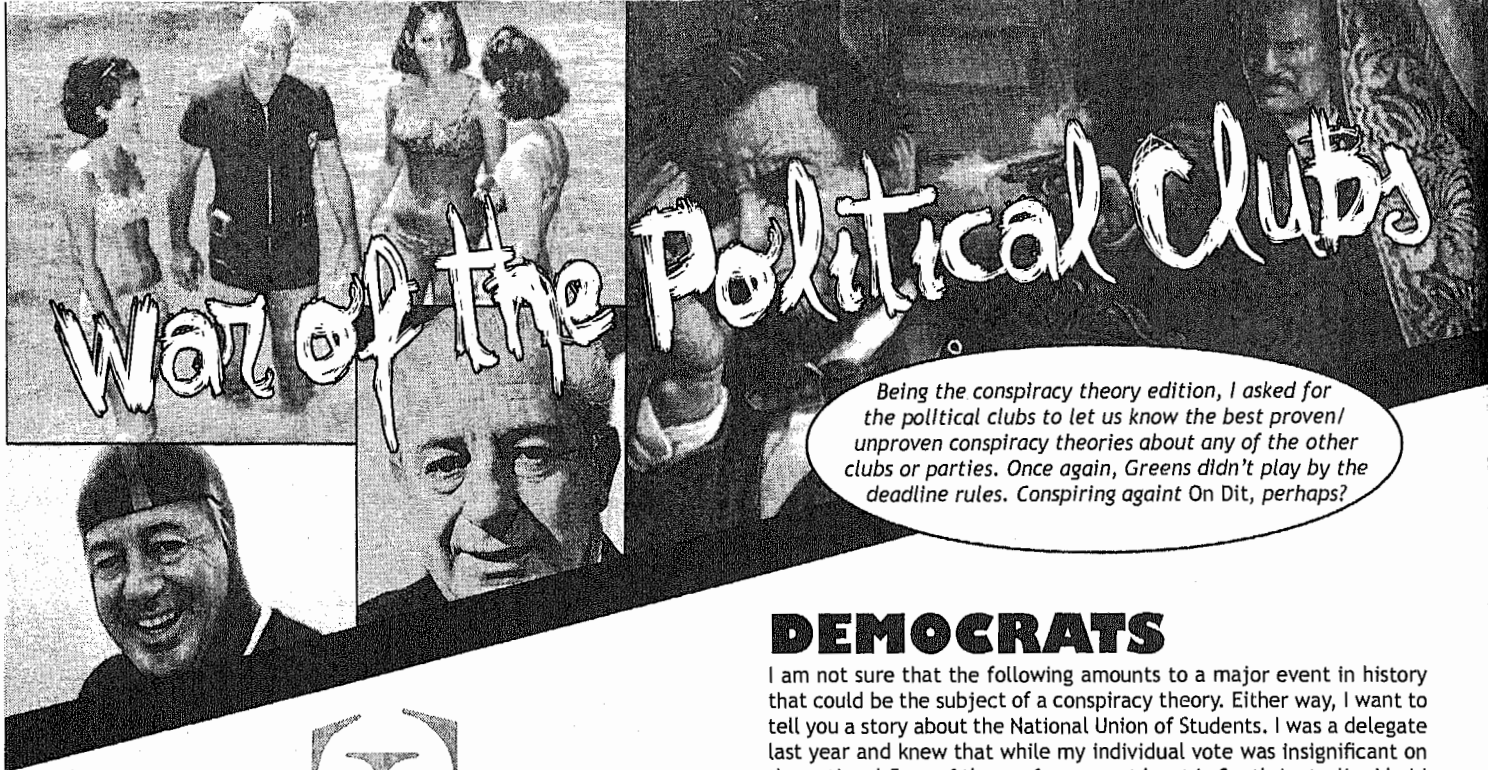
As an attempt to plaster over these problems so that the elections could go ahead almost as planned, Lavinia put forth a piece of policy that would separate the two elections. The idea was to run them with different returning officers and slightly different rules, but still side by side. In response, David lodged another complaint on the basis that only positions specified in the constitution or rules can be elected. The election tribunal ruled in David's favour. As a result, the SRC, NUS and Student Media positions for the coming year can only be filled by appointment.

In essence, this is an ideological dispute. On one hand, Lavinia and her friends in Labor Left believe that these positions should be elected, even if that requires creative interpretation of the rules. They see election as the only way to fairly fill the positions. Conversely, Pulse believes that the people who fill these roles deserve to be there legitimately, even if that means that they have to be appointed by Board this year.

Of course, there's also plenty of personal politics that's had a hand in this situation. I'll try to explain that well at adelaidestudentpolitics.blogspot.com, but really, you can probably guess a lot of it for yourself.

Hannah Mattner





Waz of the Political Clubs

Being the conspiracy theory edition, I asked for the political clubs to let us know the best proven/unproven conspiracy theories about any of the other clubs or parties. Once again, Greens didn't play by the deadline rules. Conspiring against On Dit, perhaps?

INDIGIBIB Greens

DEMOCRATS

I am not sure that the following amounts to a major event in history that could be the subject of a conspiracy theory. Either way, I want to tell you a story about the National Union of Students. I was a delegate last year and knew that while my individual vote was insignificant on the national floor of the conference, at least in South Australia, I held 10 out of 59 votes. This was significant because I was approached by both the Labor Right and the Labor Left who each had two delegates and needed my votes if they wanted the presidency in South Australia. I told both sides that I would make my decision on the merits of the candidates. I would not deal away my only significant vote.

By the time the conference began, the University of Adelaide was no longer the only university affiliated in South Australia. Shockingly, at the last moment, the University of South Australia had six delegates that were all from the Labor Right. Now my votes nationally and in South Australia were so small that I would not be able to make a difference by myself. Surprisingly though, the Labor Left had secured the South Australian presidency, despite the fact that eight out of twelve delegates in South Australia were all from the Labor Right.

The Labor Left and Labor Right are two distinct groups when it comes to student politics. They are the best of buddies or they hate each other if it suits them. As for the conspiracy part of this story, well a little bird told me that the reason this eventuated was because the Left and Right did a deal on the affiliation committee of NUS (who sets fees for each university) and affiliated the University of South Australia for free! This begs the question of what Labor Right would get out of such a deal. The affiliation of the University of South Australia meant that nationally, the Labor Left and the Labor Right had control of the conference floor, no longer to be intruded upon by non-Labor groups.

The hilarity of it all, was the whole time, Labor Left were being screwed. A head kicker from the Labor Right was trying to convince me to nominate for General-Secretary here in South Australia (and was offering to secure my election), just to piss off the new Labor Left president (who would obviously prefer a General-Secretary from the Labor Left).

Onto a slightly more entertaining conspiracy, this was not all the affiliations committee was up to in 2007. Notably, universities with many non-Labor delegates were being asked to pay fees well beyond their means. Universities with most or all Labor delegates paid pitiful fees, in an attempt to secure the national conference floor. Make of it what you will; after all, it is only a conspiracy theory.

Aleisha Brown
aleisha.brown@sa.democrats.org.au
Democrats



DEBUNKING
9/11
DEBUNKING

CONSPIRACY

LABOR

Reader, I am going to let you in on an ALP secret. This secret guarantees a Labor government and is central to our political strategy. This secret goes far beyond the Adelaide Uni Labor Club, or any University club. The conspiracy reaches up to the highest echelons of the federal government. Today, I am prepared to reveal that Brendan Nelson is, in fact, an ALP stooge.

I understand that this revelation is shocking, but, even now, I am sure you can see some otherwise inexplicable decisions beginning to make a little more sense. Brendan Nelson is undoubtedly the best man for the job, assuming the job is the steady destruction of conservative politics through a mixture of indecision, bizarre policies and abysmal ineptitude. Nelson's appalling 'sorry' reply was merely the start of our ingenious strategy to tear apart the Liberal Party. To near universal condemnation, Nelson implied that previous generations were acting in the nation's best interests, and exploited the occasion to criticise Indigenous communities. Brilliant, Brendan. We could see that destroying the Liberals was going to be even easier than we had hoped.

One of our proudest moments was when Brendan hit 9% in the polls, shortly after the sorry debacle. Brendan had achieved what we had all hoped for - he smashed the record for worst Preferred Prime Minister result in the history of Newspoll. At the party to celebrate Brendo's success I pointed out to him the need to stick his head squarely in the sand on climate change. But he had a better strategy: incoherency.

I had hoped he would merely stand in the way of action on climate change, but his back flip on the carbon pollution reduction scheme was masterful. First Nelson argued that Australia shouldn't act yet. At the same time, other senior Liberals were committing the party to action. Nelson then refused to support a scheme without support from developing countries.

I recall the MSN conversation when we settled Nelson's position:

Comrade_grealy@student.adelaide.edu.au: How about u refuse to support any scheme?

B_nelly4eva@hotmail.com: Nah, that was Tuesday, I reckon I'll support it now.

Comrade_grealy@student.adelaide.edu.au: LOL

Mturnbull@macbank.com: OMG WTF!??

Nelson came out in support of the initiative, regardless of international action. In stirring rhetoric, he argued that the party 'probably' supports a scheme, and was prepared to offer 'in-principle' support. Nelson not only undermined Liberal policy, he undermined the very concept of party policy.

The Liberal party now represents a heady mix of Howard adulating revisionists, clinging to the most appalling policies of an amoral regime, and reluctant populists, attempting to drag the mainstream of the party into the twenty-first century. At the head of this auto-cannibalistic beast sits our Brendan. But don't tell anyone.

Nicholas Grealy
Adelaide University Labor Club
President

On Dit 76.10

LIBERAL

I wasted most of my juicy conspiracy theories in the Nemesis edition a month ago, so instead of refashioning old ground; let me instead blatantly abuse this column to talk about student elections and the feared return of compulsory unionism in our universities.

I realise by the time you are reading this, the elections will be over. Unless there is a dramatic change, again, you will probably get the same old political hacks who run for election because it looks good on their CV. These are the same apparatchiks that treat your hard-earned like their own personal slush fund and disregard their Board responsibilities similar to how Britney treats motherhood.

This year is the first time I have paid even the slightest of interest in student elections - up until now I have voted (begrudgingly) but quite honestly have only done so to get one of those 'Fuck off! I have already voted stickers.'

My experiences over the past fortnight have confirmed my belief that student politicians are the worst breed of all. They can be paranoid, blatant and outright liars and in their greedy quest for power would contemplate selling their own mother in exchange for the perfect preference deal.

Of course, fleetingly you meet some enthusiastic, genuine, intelligent people who are doing it for the right reasons. A clue - they will be the campaigners without matching banners, t-shirts, professionally printed how-to-vote cards and swarms of people thrusting leaflets in your face in the same way Senators' Xenophon and Hanson-Young have suddenly entered the River Murray debate.

So...vote...but before you participate in on-campus democracy - think carefully and scrutinise all of your options otherwise you may inadvertently be voting for someone who will support the re-introduction of Compulsory Student Union Fees.

That's right, as has been reported today (26 August) in the *Sydney Morning Herald*; Federal Youth Minister Kate Ellis - a former student union hack who didn't graduate after all - has championed the cause for a return of that pesky, irrelevant \$300 upfront compulsory fee, which the student polities use to pay themselves grossly inflated wages and jet set around the country first class to lefty gabfests.

This is despite the ALP's then Shadow Education Minister, Stephen Smith telling the ALP National Conference during last year's election campaign, that winding back the responsible reforms of the Howard Government was "off the table," saying:

"I also made it clear at the National Conference, and this was acknowledged by a number of delegates, that it wasn't appropriate for Labor, and Labor would not be able to go back to the pre-Voluntary Student Unionism world and that was accepted by the Conference and accepted by delegates."

Mr Smith went further - have a look at this exchange:

JOURNALIST: So on the funding side, have you canvassed, or are you contemplating some sort of loan or deferred payment?

SMITH: No, absolutely not. One thing I can absolutely rule out is that I am not considering a HECS style arrangement, particularly a compulsory HECS style arrangement.

THIS IS A CALL TO ARMS - LET'S NOT GO BACK TO THE BAD OLD DAYS!

Todd Hacking
Adelaide University Liberal Club
President

11

REVENGE OF THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

"Classist, Sexist, Racist.
...but still better than the
LSS"



The Dub. Hon. Will Martin, MP
Minister for
Defence and Policy
Undevelopment.

I was pleased to hear this week that education boards have finally taken action against promoting violence in our schools. Parents can now attend their daily administrative duties safe in the knowledge that their children are no longer prone to the dangers within their school's playground of terror. I am of course referring to the Belgian Gardens State Schools ban against one little shit who thought 'cartwheeling' was an appropriate form of schoolyard fun. Even the 'forward roll' is now condemned and could see your child suspended. These reckless activities have been given a 'level 2' status; along with other lethal sports such as cricket and basketball. But I say that's not enough. What about the other ways children entertain themselves? Its an established fact that 'kiss-chasey' can lead to deadly diseases such as cooties and boy/girl-germs. This must be addressed in stride. In fact, until the only form of fun in our schools involves our children marching up and down the school courtyard practicing for their annual military parade, parents everywhere should be quivering with fear until pick-up time. SPP will see this done.



The Dub. Hon. Harry Dobson MP
Minister for
Offense and
Halrcare.

Last week I wrote in these column inches that Kevin Rudd was more elusive than hens' teeth. Anyway, the snows are now thawing and we are descending upon Canberra again for the spring session of Parliament. As a returning MP with the SPP I was gratified to see things hadn't changed, both in the parliamentary bar and on Labor's agenda. FuelWatch - still there, AlcoPops - still there, CapitalLetters in the middle of words for no apparent reason - running rampant! But, one can't go past the report card for schools programme Rudd is planning to introduce as part of his education revolution. My question is to the 'revolutionary' one is what criteria do you plan to judge schools on? Literacy? Cleanliness? Adherence to government approved curricula? Honestly, this appears to be a 'devolution' to provide sameness and deprive parents of choice. Only the SPP, recognised last week for its 'covert snobbery' and 'class-based arrogance' will defend schools from this ill-disguised government intrusion.



The SPP has revealed their new agenda targeting children in their dubious campaign, beginning with educational literature. Pseudo Ministers Will Martin and Harry Dobson visited bookstores nationally, promoting their range of youth literature which 'encourages a healthy way of thinking'.

Some authors have been less than impressed with the party's educational repertoire.

"The SPP are brainwashing children to believe their increasingly fascist ideals," said Peter Carey.

The SPP refused to comment on the esteemed author's accusations, but for the response, "Who the fuck is Peter Carey?" They did however reassure the public

that their new titles *Propa-goosey-goosey-ganda*, *The Indian in the Cabinet*, and *How to Assemble a 22-inch Semi-Automatic* were all aimed in children's best interest.

The party's rewritten version of *Harry Potter* was also a hot topic, where instead of becoming a famous wizard, Harry accepts numerous bribes during a life of deceit and corruption to become *The Boy Who Fibbed*, a notorious pork-



barreler. The series has been criticised by many children's authors, however not by J.K. Rowling.

"I'll do anything for a buck," she said in regards to selling the rights.

The Labor Government has also lashed out at the party's illustrative works, claiming *Where's Kevy*, which features cartoons of the PM enjoying himself in places he shouldn't (except for the last page's illustration of Parliament where Rudd is not featured at all), is nothing more than a poorly-concealed attack on the PM.

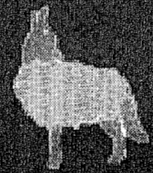
"This is outrageous!" stated Dobson in a classroom tutorial yesterday. "We have no intention of shaping the minds of our children. We are not manipulators, we are educators!"

"Fuck Labor. Commie bastards." Said seven-year-old Liam Ronaldson, who was party to the presentation.

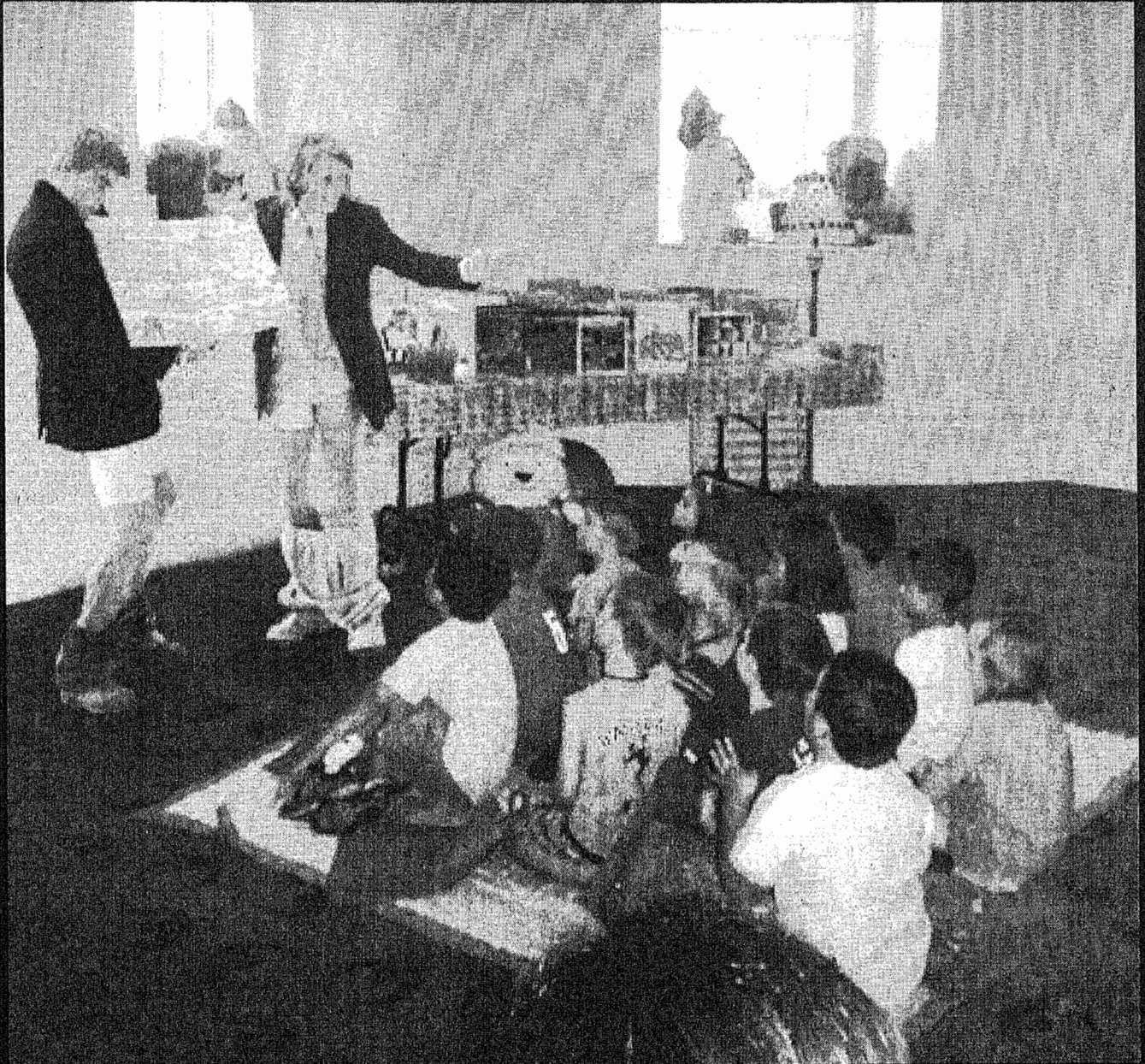
"The SPP literature range is out now in all fascist retailers. The perfect warm up to Costello's memoir" plugged Martin.



THIS STUDENT ELECTION,
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"Victory Through Ignorance"



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COOPERS
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I never thought I'd make it here. What I expected was another ambitious failure. What I expected was to want to do it, make a half arsed attempt at it, get stuck on something miniscule and then return to my nice and safe (I think safe should be a synonym for dull) way of travelling. Perhaps if I hadn't been so lucky on my day of travel, that's what would have happened.

For some reason or another, I'm normally quite a nervous traveller, especially when I'm on my own, quite odd considering I decided to do the majority of my travelling on my own (or perhaps not?) Maybe it's a fear of the unknown, maybe some healthy paranoia, perhaps just simple idiocy, I'm not sure. Normally my confidence comes from preparation, which in this case, I had none of, hence the nerves.

In London, a month prior I had emailed a farm in the French Pyrénées regarding doing some volunteer work for a couple of weeks, they accepted me and I was expected to find my own way there. I flew to Barcelona first, half to see Barcelona and half due to its close(ish) proximity to the farm in the Pyrénées. From Barcelona, I had no idea how to get to my farm in the village Izaut de l'Hotel. Normally it wouldn't be any big deal but I had to get from Spain to France and I spoke neither Spanish nor French. (Learn another language now: English is so widely spoken these days that Australian schools don't seem to think it's necessary to learn one, but do, if not to be able communicate in the country where the language is spoken then at least so you don't look like another ignorant English tourist. I'm one, it's only now I wish I wasn't.)

From Barcelona, I booked a bus to Toulouse, the closest large city to the village; from there I didn't know what I was going to do. The bus to Toulouse just happened to drop me off right next door to the central train station. I checked my maps and the train guide and booked a train St Gaudens. It couldn't be easier. On the train, I called the family that would be having me on the farm and they were able to pick me up upon my arrival to St Gaudens.

So my fear of the unknown and my supposed healthy paranoia were both without merit leaving simple idiocy the only reasonable answer to my undeserved thoughts. (I think I always knew.) What I learnt was that if you want to get somewhere, the best advice is; leave, the rest will see to itself. So long as you want to go, you'll always find a way. As Mike Myers once said, "book them and they will come."

The volunteering I'm doing is organised through an online organisation called Willing Workers on Organic Farms, more commonly known by it's acronym WWOOF. The premise of 'wwoofing' is that you exchange your labour for shelter, food and information about organic farming, a different way of life and the area you choose to work at. The

beauty of 'wwoofing' is that working for your keep eliminates money from the equation so there is no need to apply for work visas or the bullshit involved in working in foreign countries (oh, yeah and money sucks too.)

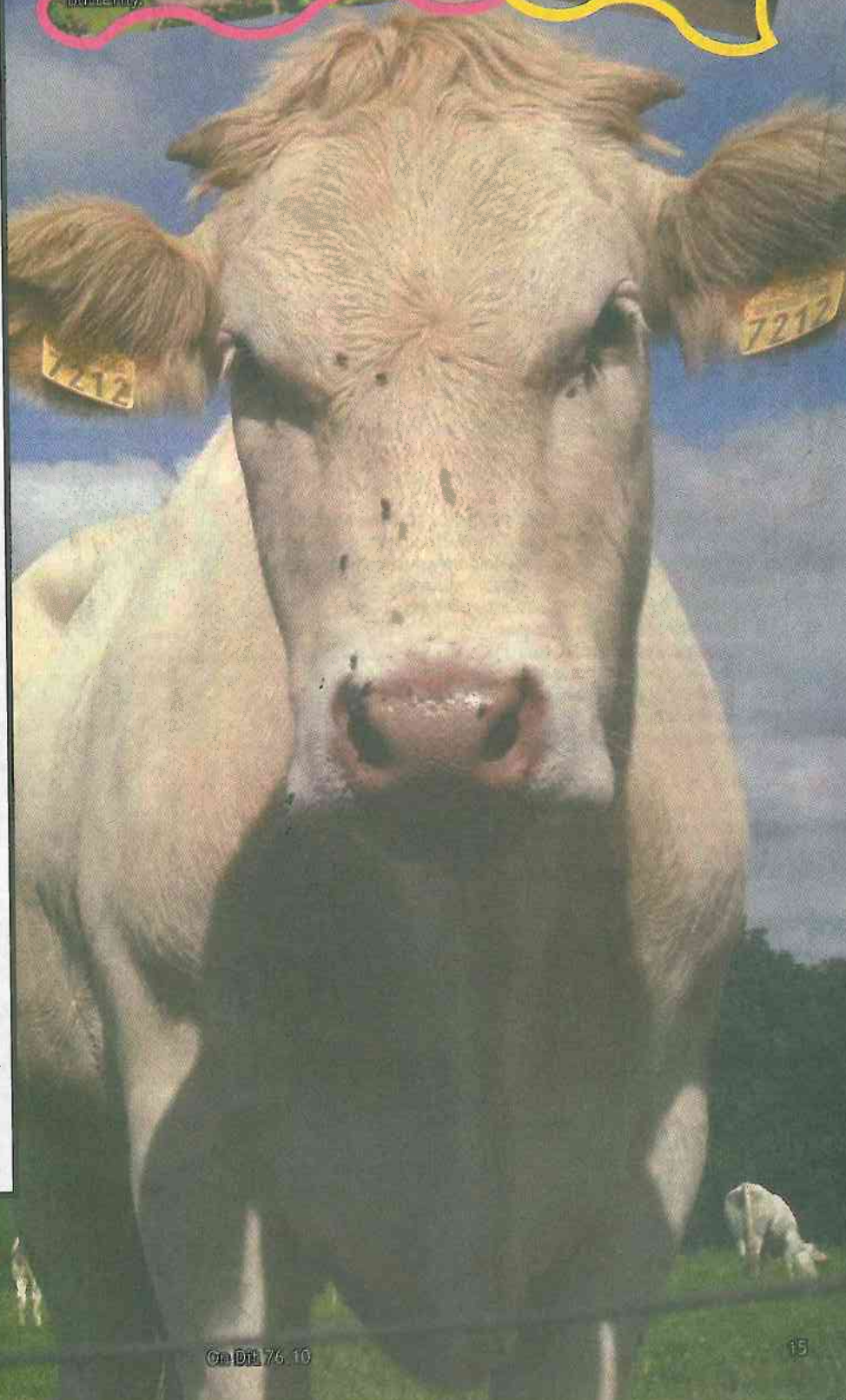
The family I am staying with is an English couple, Lee and Karen, and their three-year-old son. I opted to stay with an English couple due to fact that although I'm learning French, it isn't quite up to standard yet. Lee and Karen were living in Manchester, England five years ago and decided to quit the rat race and make a sea change for the warmth of south France. The focus on their farm (like many WWOOF farms) is organic market farming and in Lee and Karen's case mainly organic free-range eggs, good 'n' wholesome vegetables and on maintaining a sustainable lifestyle.

I already had a keen interest in good, healthy food before I came here (I probably wouldn't have gone otherwise) but just being here and being immersed in it all has really fuelled my passion for nutritious food as well as made me quite interested in organic farming, something I hadn't thought that much about before.

Every WWOOF farm is different but my basic arrangement to earn my keep is to work thirty hours a week, split into six, five hour days. My day normally consists of waking at eight, breakfast and then four to five hours work in the morning, then after lunch just an hour or two and then it's a day. Lee and Karen are good in the fact that they try to mix up the jobs I'm expected to do which range from simple weeding to feeding the hens, from harvesting vegetables to preserving excess stock in the kitchen. Although my work is still beneficial to the farm and sometimes laborious or time consuming, it's always enjoyable because I'm constantly stimulated due to my surroundings and how much I'm learning about something I'm passionate about. Working only five hours a day leaves me plenty of time to myself. I often fill in this time by writing, reading or exploring the Pyrénées by bike or by foot.

Only one more week to go and then back to Old London Town. I'll be sorry to leave the warmth of France but reality calls me. Do yourself a favour; WWOOF.

'Til next time,
alex.





Seeing the Wood for the Trees

science is easily misinterpreted by conspiracy theorists and ideologues, writes david kaczan

Google video has available for download a documentary called *Loose Change*. Now up to its third edition, this production has gone on to become possibly the world's first internet blockbuster, with over forty million downloads. In a highly polished, professional 82 minutes, the film's makers argue that the events of September 11th, 2001 were orchestrated by the US Government. To support their claim, they wheel out experts, academics and eye witnesses, show lesser seen footage and present an elaborate narrative, describing why, and how, the government would commit such an act.

Loose Change is highly compelling. It is also bunk of course; the Bush administration would never have the competency to make such a plan work. But the only thing more intriguing than a good conspiracy theory is a good counter-conspiracy. George Monbiot, writer for *The Guardian*, sarcastically muses that the *Loose Change* thesis is implausible due to the continued existence of the men who made it. "If the US government is running an all-knowing, all-encompassing conspiracy, why did it not snuff them out long ago? There is only one possible explanation. They are in fact agents of the Bush regime, employed to distract people from its real abuses of power."

Another is a slight variation on the inside job theory - the Bush administration created the film to wedge their political opponents. Because, as Matt Taibbi of *Rolling Stone* states: "... every time one of those *Loose Change* dickwads opens his mouth, a Republican somewhere picks up five votes."

But for most of the 40 million viewers so far, the lesson to learn from *Loose Change* is not what it says, but how it says it. The ease at which an almost convincing case can be woven together is startling, considering it comprises nothing more than scraps of amateur footage, a somber voice over and a Matthew Riley plot.

Other pieces of fraudulent opining are much more dangerous. Andrew Bolt, columnist for *The Herald Sun* reaches an audience of almost 1.5 million Australians. In July his column featured "seven graphs to end the [global] warming hype," which in its slick (albeit tabloid) presentation, some well placed expert quotations and general good bloke barbeque style made a dangerously compelling case. That each and every controversial claim can, and has been, solidly refuted, is of little influence on Kath from Fountain Lakes.

The case for climate change is terribly clear. Carbon emissions have accelerated faster than even our worst case scenario predictions of ten years ago. Effects that weren't predicted for 50 years are appearing right now. Yet the conspiracy theories persist: "the environmental science fraternity likes the attention," or simply, that everyone has got it wrong.

Climate change is such a complex issue that almost any statement is true in some circumstances. Consider the following: the world is currently cooling. Sun spots *do* influence the Earth's temperature. The Murray River *has* experienced droughts like this before. But such statements also miss the big picture, the overall implications of the evidence unfolding. The trend, not just within one line of argument, but across dozens simultaneously, is remarkably harmonious. Meteorologists, ecologists, environmental chemists, even palynologists (scientists of ancient pollen) are publishing a similar conclusion from vastly different lines of reasoning. On the whole, the Earth is warming, and that is predominantly due to human activities.

Keep in mind the power of diversity. If you have evidence from just a single line of enquiry, there's some chance the results are a mistake. If there are two independent branches of research in agreement, the overall conclusion is more than twice as strong. The first could be wrong, but a second as well? A third simply adds to this disproportionate effect.

Consider three facts about being a scientist: Firstly, controversy is good. If you agree with everyone, it's hard to write an Earth shattering paper. Agreeing with the 'climate is changing' status quo attracts fewer citations than a solidly argued spanner in the works. Number two: knowledge progresses through argument. There will always be a climate change debate because criticism is the central tenet of the peer review system. Thirdly, money tends to flow to political palatable research, not that which urges drastic economic change. Australian scientists faced this dilemma for 10 years before the climate pessimism broke out regardless.

When arguing the gory details of a scientific concept, complexity will provide suitable ammunition for all who wish to enter the fray. As *Loose Change* demonstrates, any audience will lose sight of the woods if you can lure them amongst the trees. Seven well presented graphs in *The Herald Sun* can be completely true yet miss the point. It is unlikely that climate skeptics are consciously trying to mislead the public, with the exception of some of the more dubious lobby groups. Instead, masses of complicated and highly variable data are rich pickings for those who select to suit their ideological viewpoint. Any conclusion must rest on a sum total, not simply the bits someone wants us to hear.

The World is Full of Conspiracy Theories



Every country has their own: whether it concerns who was responsible for September 11, or what really happened when Prime Minister Holt went for a swim on that fateful day. I would love to focus on some of the crazier theories out there. However, the major story at the moment in international relations is the situation between Georgia and Russia. You know it must be bad when you manage to hear about it despite constant Olympic coverage.

In case you have been living under a rock and haven't heard about it, or don't really understand what the fighting is about, I'll attempt to explain it as best I can. It took me a while to get a sense of the issues, as of course everyone has radically different opinions on what's happening. Both sides have accused each other of ethnic cleansing, and many commentators are warning of relations becoming much frostier between Russia and the West. Fighting had been occurring for a while between Russia and Georgia in the disputed territory of South Ossetia, but worsened on the 7th of August (roughly coinciding with the Olympic opening ceremony). South Ossetia, on the northern Georgian border with Russia; attempted to declare independence from Georgia in the early 1990s, but no member of the United Nations recognizes it as a sovereign state. In the middle of attempts to broker a peace deal, Georgia launched a surprise attack on the capital Tskhinvali. They said their troops were "neutralising separatist fighters attacking civilians". Russia responded strongly and swiftly, pouring troops into the region to support the South Ossetians. They didn't stop there though. Another breakaway region, Abkhazia, welcomed Russian soldiers who then continued into Georgia itself. Fighting has continued, with ceasefires being drawn and then broken. After several weeks Russia claims to have withdrawn its troops from Georgian territory, but even this is contested.

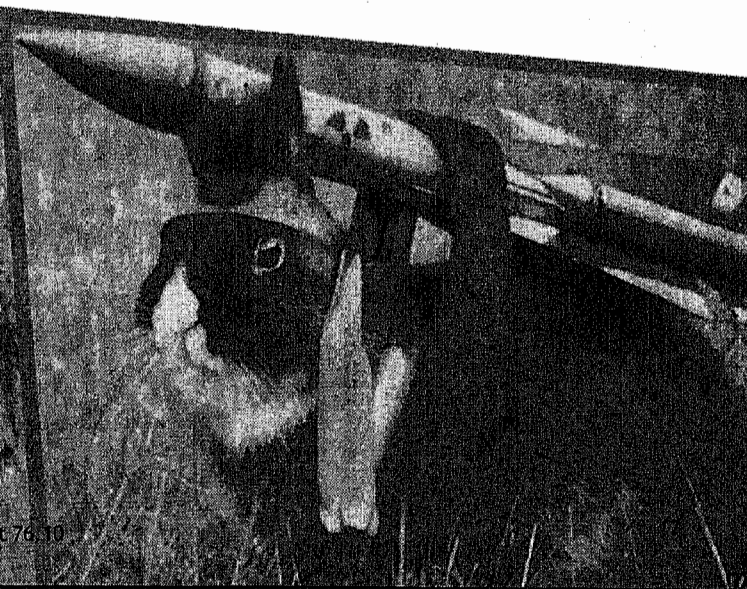
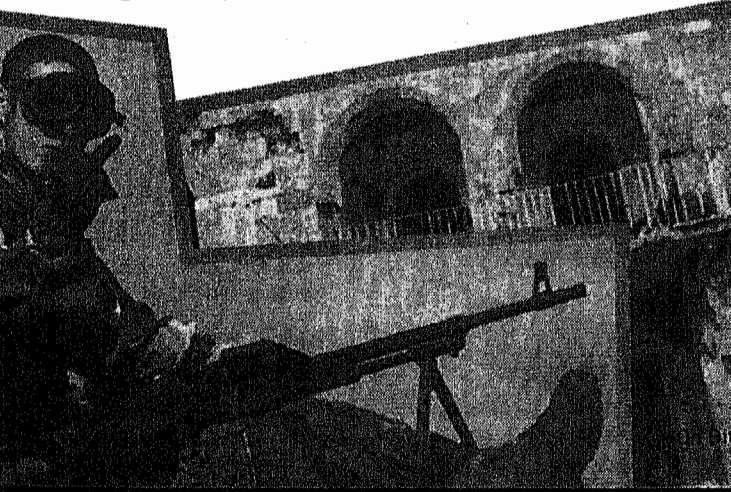
By the time this article is published, there will have been further developments as the situation evolves every day. Russia has suspended military cooperation with NATO, and other former Soviet satellite states have been conspicuously quiet as Russian Prime Minister Vladimir Putin and his sidekick President Medvedev flex their muscles. Many are worried that Russia is now pushing to return to its previous levels of influence in the region, with interference in other breakaway regions such as Transnistria in Moldova. There isn't really much the US and European nations can do - after all Russia is a member of the UN Security Council and a major supplier of oil and gas to Europe. Although Georgia is a US ally, there is no way the US would ever risk war to defend the small country. I wonder if attention will start shifting away from obsessive coverage of terror threats from Islamic groups and states towards further mainstream analysis of the challenges Russia presents on the doorstep of Europe.

This has already started happening, after US relations with Russia were further strained by part of a missile defence system being placed on Polish territory. The US argues the interceptors will help protect NATO from long range missiles (from 'rogue elements' in the Middle East, such as Iran), but Russia believes that they are designed for purposes much closer to home. Deeming them a security threat, Russia has warned that the site would be a potential nuclear target. Putin has said that missiles have been targeted at European sites, although it is not on a wide or permanent scale, so it's not quite as scary as it sounds. British relations have been poor with Russia for a while, ever since the poisoning of former KGB agent Alexander Litvinenko. Russian jets also entered British airspace, in a provocative move that has helped leave the two countries on pretty unfriendly terms.

Briefly, though importantly, Pakistani President Musharraf has resigned after nine years in power. He did so after ongoing pressure from the opposition, who were calling for him to be impeached. Charges included violation of the constitution and gross misconduct. At this stage Benazir Bhutto's widower Asif Ali Zardari has agreed to run for President and is tipped to win the position, although nothing is certain. Parliament votes in September for Musharraf's successor. Being a key strategic partner in US eyes, there is concern about the stability of the country. There are fears of a power vacuum leading to a resurgence of extremism, but that remains to be seen.

So I thought I would put in a bit of a mystery to finish with, given that the theme is conspiracy theory. In a German story that I read about a while ago, a town has been terrorised by an out of control bunny killer. Believed to be using Google Earth to locate his (or her) victims, someone in Dortmund has been entering people's gardens to decapitate and then bleed dry people's beloved pets. As if it couldn't get any more horrific, headless bodies were even found in a children's sandpit. There are numerous theories on who could be responsible, with a significant number of police officers (a task force in fact) assigned to the case. Suspected motives include a rise in Satanism in the region, with the drained blood apparently giving it away. A police spokesman said however they believed it could quite possibly be a twisted local, because of their intimate knowledge of the town and the population's rabbits. 2500 euros has been put up by rabbit owners and animal groups as a reward for information leading to an arrest.

Barbara Klompenhouwer



OH, WHAT A FEELING!

T.A. HARRON ON WHY ENVIRONMENTAL TOKENISM IS A STEP IN THE WRONG DIRECTION



Why are Labor governments subsidising private industry?

It's a fair enough question, and I would argue that as far as outright waste of public money goes, the combined \$70 million pledged by the Australian and Victorian governments to Toyota rates only second to the \$60 million wasted on the pitiful campaign being mounted for Australia to host the 2018 World Cup.

Having pledged \$35 million federal funding, matched by an additional \$35 million in state funding from the Victorian government, towards the manufacturing of Toyota's Hybrid Prius in Australia, Kevin Rudd announced that this was "an important step forward for Australian motorists and fuel efficiency. An important step forward for the Australian motor vehicle industry and an important step forward for the environment."

To borrow an expression from Rudd's confounding lexicon, I would like to 'take a blowtorch' to each of these three claims.

Could this really be an important step forward for Australian motorists and the Australian motor vehicle industry?

I doubt it. The first point to note is that this unscrupulous hand out won't actually make the vehicles any more affordable for Australian motorists. As was observed by Henry Ergas in *The Australian*, "if the intention is to promote the use of hybrids, it would make more sense to reduce the tariffs on motor vehicles and provide a modest voucher redeemable on hybrid vehicles." He goes on to point out that at least such a scheme would be "competitively neutral, as against distorting competition in Toyota's favour." What message does this send to General Motors who announced long before Toyota that they would manufacture hybrid Holden Commodores at their Elizabeth plant in South Australia? Defying better judgement, Rudd has chosen to prop up the world's largest automotive manufacturing corporation with an anti-competitive hand-out, arguably stunting the growth of alternative green technology options emerging within the motor vehicle industry.

But surely hybrid vehicles represent a step forward for fuel efficiency?

Not really. You would probably be better off with a VW Golf, Citroën C4 or Peugeot 308. Chris Thorpe, the road testing chief of AutoExpress revealed that "in reality, they are not as efficient as a good diesel engine car... It has a small petrol engine and is quite a heavy car so you end up working that engine very hard and using up quite a lot of fuel."

The Toyota Prius is a combined hybrid with both a petrol and electric motor. The electric motor will propel the vehicle when travelling at speeds under 15km or idling at traffic lights, but for serious speed and acceleration, the vehicle relies on the petrol engine, consuming as much fuel as most standard vehicles. In short, the few individuals who would derive a benefit from driving the Prius are probably the few who have the more environmentally friendly option of walking or cycling to work. The manufacturers have utilised some exciting technology such as regenerative braking and the Atkinson cycle in the internal combustion engine, but the results with regard to fuel efficiency are less than impressive and at \$39,000, you have to ask yourself whether it is worth the modest saving of 3 litres to 100km it offers over alternatives?

Is this even a step forward for the environment?

If it is, then it's hardly worth writing home about. The Toyota Prius doesn't go far to reduce fuel consumption. *Top Gear's* Jeremy Clarkson writing in *The Sunday Times* went so far as to suggest that "if you removed the electric motor and the batteries from a Toyota Prius, you'd save so much weight that it would become more economical and therefore even kinder to the environment."

I will concede the Toyota Prius is more environmentally friendly than many alternatives on the market. I even believe that the government should introduce incentives to make such technology more accessible to Australian motorists. But the way the Federal and Victorian governments have gone about this is fundamentally wrong.

In Canada and the United States a series of tax incentives and rebates have been introduced for those who purchase low emissions vehicles, in Belgium the government has reduced the up-front cost of such vehicles by 15%, while in Sweden drivers can claim SEK 10,000 after owning such a vehicle for just 6 months! There has been no indication so far that Australian motorists will enjoy such incentives for owning and operating such a vehicle, instead Australian governments have frivolously handed over \$70 million to manufacture a vehicle that Australian Toyota executives conceded they intended to go ahead with anyway.

But Rudd's scandalous decision to hand out taxpayer money to private industry was never intended to promote green technology in the motor vehicle industry. It is environmental tokenism at its finest. A public relations stunt, intended to give the impression of a government acting on constituents' concerns for rising oil prices and the environment, whilst at the same time appeasing Japan, whose relationship with Australia has come under strain since Rudd took office. Perhaps the most telling insight about the Toyota Prius has been offered by the doyen of motoring himself, Jeremy Clarkson, who noted that "saving the polar bears is not the point of the hybrid car. The point is not to save the planet but to be seen trying."

Oh, what a feeling!

~~Business Plan: Mayo~~
~~Evil University Council is Screwing You Over~~
~~It's the Asians!!!~~

Pssst! I've got something to tell you

Regarding: the food at our beloved! Mayo Refectory.

It's not cheap, and it's notoriously bad. Seven dollars for a meal, more if you want a drink to go with it? Given the fact that students are generally poor, few of those who sit among the Mayo's many US dining-hall-style tables receive the sustenance from the University's main food outlet.² Those whose social life doesn't revolve around the Mayo, well, they hardly ever step foot into it, preferring to lunch at more student-friendly venues.

One wonders why no one is exploiting the demand for convenient, cheap food on campus³. The most likely reason is to do with wage costs taking into account sporadic business. At least two or three employees at all times, each at I'd guess \$15 an hour minimum, coupled with the fact that I rarely see a line for the Mayo, and you need to cover your costs somehow. Sure there's some profit gauging, but relatively little room for it given the local competition. Although I'm sure the Wine Centre monopoly within Union House surely contributes as well, as it's not like other outlets may set up shop within University grounds. A perfectly reasonable explanation, if an undesirable one?⁴

I can do better than that.

In order to maintain its Group of 8 status, the University Council instructed its Wine Centre lackeys to make the Mayo totally undesirable. That way, it channels business to the better quality/ similarly priced food at Rumours, it's newly reopened 'American Style Pizzeria'. What would having Rumours open have to do with maintaining G8 status? Well, we all know every action made by the University has this at its heart, and having two food outlets sure looks better on a brochure than one. Furthermore, the University receives bribes from local businesses in the David Jones Food Court, who fear a competitive Mayo Refractory more than they fear a new season of 'Big Brother 09'.

Pathetic? That's what I figure. After all, it is vaguely plausible⁵.

1. Note: Sarcasm. That's right. I have to spell it out. Some of you numb-skulls don't get it otherwise.
 2. Hello. How are you? I have nothing to say. I just wanted to put in more footnotes. It makes my writing look more reputable.
 3. Fundraising barbecues don't count. Which leads me to another theory. My contacts within the clandestine society known as the Clubs Association have been dropping hints of alleged threats made, Mafia style, to the Wine Centre to not improve the quality of its food. This is to prevent competition during barbecues, which remain one of the biggest sources of revenue for various clubs.
 4. Fragment: Consider Revising
 5. Isn't it marvelous when a writer preempts your criticism? Doesn't it make you angry? Are you angry? Would you like to scribble all over this page? It's probably for the best. Ha, I'm

Third shot lucky I suppose.

The quality of the food at the Mayo has little to do with economic necessity, but involves a far more diabolical plan. As all diabolical plans do, it involves the Reds. No not the Russians, I'm talking about traffic lights. At its heart, this is a twisted tale about economic sabotage for political gain. By making the food at the Mayo terrible, it ensures that more students cross at the North Terrace traffic lights to other outlets. This provides a marvelous cover for extending the length of time that traffic lights stay red, as well as the frequency at which they do so. Longer traffic lights on such an important road caused the South Australian economy to shrink by 2.07% last year⁶. Who would stand to gain from such a horrible thing? Why, look no further than those horrible lefties on campus. You saw them out last week, in their smiles and campaign t-shirts, prostituting themselves for your precious, precious vote. Like all left-wing people, they want nothing less than the downfall of the economy, your family, and everything you hold dear⁷. Don't be fooled by their apparent helplessness last week, they control far more than you think. Including the traffic lights. That's right, everyone knows the Traffic Workers Union are rabid communists, and so are the natural allies of the student politicians. So our anti-capitalistic friends ensure the Mayo food is kept bad, hence maintaining continual stoppage of North Terrace traffic, thus providing cover for lengthening the 'red' phase of the traffic lights, thereby destroying the capitalist world order. But there's a piece of the puzzle missing. How do they keep the Mayo food barely edible? Why, they do it through the classic leftie method of infiltration. Those friendly uni-student workers at the Mayo have been turned, dear friends. They wreck the food at every opportunity, keeping it stale and lacking in variety. You have only them, along with the leftie students and the Traffic Workers Union, to blame⁸. Use this knowledge wisely.

Always,
 Myriam Robin

doing it again! My preempting makes me invincible!!!
 6. See Shady, B, 'Econometric Study of Pedestrian Access On The Golden Highway', *Journal of Economical Timewastery*, Vol 43 No 2, pp 54-2
 7. As the finance writer, I would know. Anyone up for a Stalinist purge?
 8. I totally disagree with the above statement! I don't know what M Robin's smoking, cause clearly it's the Wine Centre, in cahoots with the University! Storm the VC's office! Oh, and seeing as this is the last footnote, goodbye from your literary equivalent of a voiceover commentator. I'll miss you....

SCIENCE WITH GOLDY

"Eds - Goldy's Theme Song
(to the tune of The Grate's - Science is Golden)

Science, science, science with GO-LDY
Science, science science with GO-LDY
Science science science...

"That's gold....Y!"

The TRUTH Is Out There



Are you the sort of person who loves a good conspiracy theory? For some, a conspiracy theory is discomforting while for others, it is intriguing. The possibilities created by a conspiracy theory are endless to explore. At times, it is downright ridiculous yet learning about it is entertaining. Then again, one may stumble upon a credible theory and it makes one reflect upon it. Isn't it enthralling that there can be two credible explanations for such a complex event and that both explanations can be so diametrically opposed to one another? In short, I think it is really fascinating to consider the theory, weigh the evidence and finally come up with a possible conclusion.

Roswell/Area 51/Men in Black

There is one fact that almost all sceptics and believers agree on - something crashed on a remote ranch outside of Roswell, New Mexico in 1947. A rancher discovered some strange debris but was unidentifiable, and a nearby military base released conflicting information about the material's origin. The basic theory was that the debris came from an alien spacecraft and that the US government confiscated the material for later study. According to some theories, the government transported the debris to an Air Force base in Roswell. Others say they took it to Area 51, a secret military base in Nevada where the government tested experimental aircraft. There were stories of autopsies performed by government officials on dead aliens. Some people claimed that anyone trying to uncover the government's secrets about aliens would receive a visit from a group of intimidating officials in dark suits - the so-called Men in Black. The US government repeatedly denied having any information about extraterrestrials, but many theorists dismissed the government's responses.

The government at first claimed it was some sort of saucer, then retracted the statement and claimed it was really a weather balloon. Yet the best evidence suggests that it was neither a flying saucer nor a weather balloon, but instead a high-altitude, top-secret military balloon dubbed 'Project Mogul.' Descriptions of the wreckage first reported by eyewitnesses match the photos of the 'Project Mogul' balloons, down to the silvery finish and strange symbols on its side. The stories about crashed alien bodies did not surface until decades later and in fact no one considered the Roswell crash as anything extraterrestrial or unusual until thirty years later, when a book on the topic was published. There was indeed a cover-up, but it did not hide a crashed saucer, instead it hid a Cold War-era spying program.

Shifting poles

Some people believe that the Earth's North and South poles were not always located where they are now. They claim the Earth once rotated on a different axis. Others say that the Earth always rotated about its polar axis, but the Earth's crust shifts so that the land located on each pole changes. Climate change, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions result from stresses on the Earth's crust during the shift. Some say that the Earth will soon experience another dramatic polar shift, and as a result, entire continents might sink while new ones emerge from the sea. The polar shift hypothesis enters the world of conspiracy theories when some claim that top governments and scientists know of the impending shift but refuse to share the information with the public. Allegedly, they're keeping it a secret to avoid causing a panic. Sceptics dismiss polar shift hypotheses, saying that there's no real scientific basis for them. The Earth's true poles are not the same as its magnetic poles, which are definitely shifting. The North Magnetic Pole is moving slowly northwest across the northern stretches of Canada. This means that if you took two trips ten years apart to the North Magnetic Pole by following a compass, you would end up at a different destination each time.

2012 and the end of the world

The Mayans created the Long Count Calendar (a time measurement system that had spiritual significance to their culture.) The calendar was organized into several cycles, the last of which will end in December 2012. (yeah you read that right - DECEMBER 2012). With this in mind, the Mayans had discovered that after 2012, the world would end. Dozens of theories exist to provide explanations. Some claim that in 2012, the Earth will experience polar shift (explained above.) Others state that after 2012, the Earth will experience a period of terrible destruction followed by a new age of peace and enlightenment. A few allege that in 2012, a secret government will accomplish its goal of total world domination. What will actually happen? Together, we anticipate the impending date.

Planet X

Is there a giant unnamed planet in our solar system? According to the Planet X theory, a 10th planet exists (if you still count Pluto as a planet, otherwise the mystery planet is number nine.) The planet is supposedly huge and on an orbital path that will bring it close to Earth soon. Proponents of this theory cite earthquake and weather data as evidence of this planet's growing influence on Earth. There is a claim saying that the government is forcing observatories to close to keep the planet's approach a secret and to prevent panic attacks. Astronomers have said that there is no evidence for the Planet X theory, and if the planet did exist, humans would be able to see it even without a telescope.

The venerable television series *Star Trek* has taught us one thing: the holodeck will never work properly and you should never go in there. It also taught us that space is the final frontier. Even when we've managed to learn everything there is to know about Earth, there will still be mysteries to explore in space. Are there intelligent species living far beyond our solar system? What exactly is dark matter? Could wormholes hold the secret to faster-than-light travel? The answers to these questions and others that we have not thought of yet await us in space. However some people believe that groups of powerful individuals already know secrets about space that the rest of us don't. So the next time you go stargazing and wonder what secrets the universe holds, keep in mind that someone else might already know the answer and they are just not telling anyone else about it.

Goldy Yong

"All truths are easy to understand once they are discovered; the point is to discover them."

- Galileo Galilei

"A good conspiracy is improvable. I mean, if you can prove it, it means they screwed up somewhere along the line."

- Jerry (Mel Gibson, *Conspiracy Theory*)

An idle mind can be the devil's workshop, to which I say, "Wow! Good onya!" I mean the second best creative genius in existence has effectively outsourced a fraction of his evil deviousness into a pathetic loser like you who would otherwise have a tough time choosing between a burger and a burger. I am sorry but being the pessimist that I am, am I the only one who sees the opportunity here? If so, it is a sad, sad world we live in. You see, it is better to hold hypocrisy or for that matter even oxymoronism instead of just hot air in your enormous head. Of course you need to believe passionately that everything you say is true, even if you do know for a fact that it is not. That is the whole point of the existence of such a thing as conspiracy and consequently, this article and edition of *On Dit*.

Why do conspiracy theories exist? Because someone is passionate enough to say the wrong thing not just as though it is the right thing but as though it is the only thing. How can we get rid of these conspiracies and the conspirators? Easy as apple pie, but I see no point in telling you.

"And why the hell not?" you ask, to which I have two answers.

1. You do not question the articles you read. Not when it is my column and definitely not when you find it within the confines of *On Dit*.
2. Secondly and most importantly; Grow your own brain.

And once the impossible has been achieved, think about this; "History is written by the victorious." It is as simple as it is self-explanatory. Conspiracies exist because someone is either too smart to be sheep or they passionately believe that they are too smart to be sheep. The former, of course, has no place in this article, but the latter is a different case altogether. Articles like this are written because of these people. Not only are they a testimony to the futility of evolution, but in the immortal words of one Mr Duke Nukem, "An inspiration for birth control." But being the protagonists of this great work of literary genius grants them some privileges, but being stupid, sadly is not one of them.

ISL WITH SHEIK JAMAL

As long as there exists a certain logic to the theory, like-minded idiots will brand it an alternative reality aka conspiracy or if you are fanatical enough about it, the truth. Either way, you the 'conspirator' has achieved what you set out to do and that is unnecessarily complicate a world that is not exactly in want of idiots. For example, there are those who see a prediction of the Twin Tower attack and the Pentagon on fire in a United States Dollar bill. Then there are those who speak in hushed voices about 'Jewish world dominance', among other things, as well as the whole concept of global warming being a hoax and that the ozone layer has long since been restored. But the truly savvy conspirator would look beyond these uninteresting topics and actually occupy himself with more pressing weirdness like the presence of an extra-terrestrial sentient species and a consequent cover up. (Yeah right, and Britney Spears can fly!)

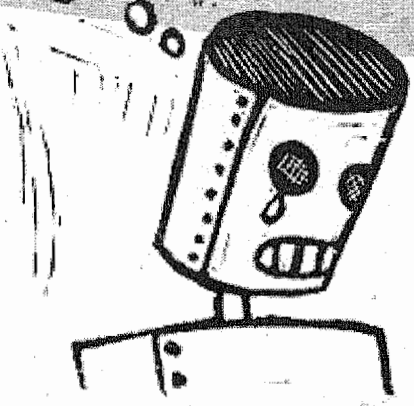
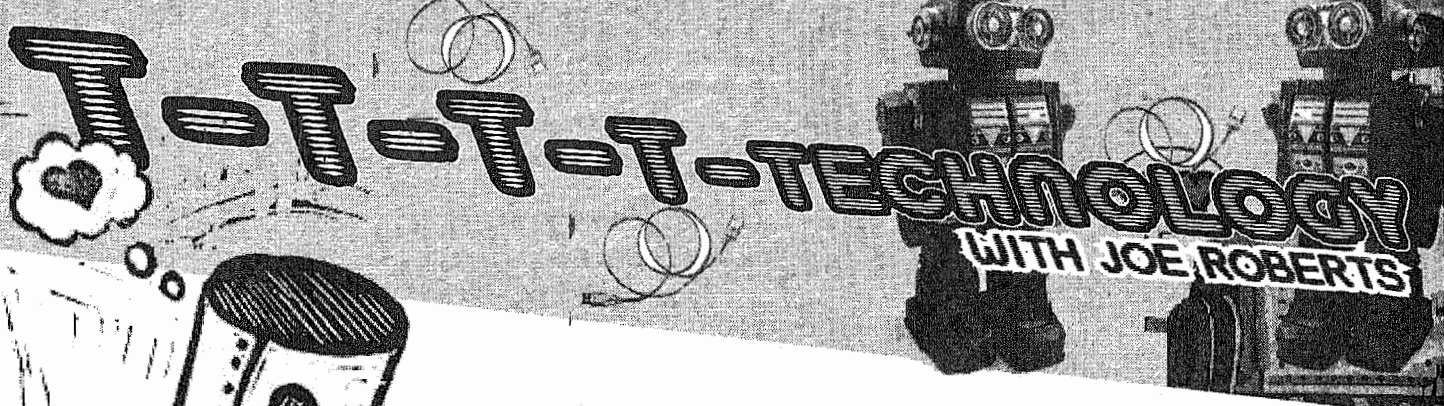
Oh wait a minute, that last part might just be true. Anyway, if those aliens did come by and if they did get locked up in area fifty or whatever, where did the rest of the gang go? Pointless arguing with alien conspirators anyway. By far, the best conspiracy theory I have heard?

George W. Bush is actually a very intelligent man but just acts like, well, you know...

Bush,

Forget conspiracy theories, now that is just blasphemy!

THE PRIVILEGE OF AN IDLE MIND



TECHNO-FIX

As a geek, I'd love to be able to drool over my own personal beast of a computer with dual-quad core CPU's, quad SLI and 8GB of RAM, all on a beefy mobo within a monolithic case decorated in enough flashing neon lights to send the most dedicated anime fan into an epileptic fit. However, as a uni student and leader of secret underground organisation dedicated to world domination, I'm also kind of strapped for cash. I'm sure most of you can no doubt relate; odds are you're stuck on the family virus-laden beige box, or something you saw on a notice board for \$200. So lucky you, I'm going to inform the less-IT savvy among you how to speed up that cereal box at no extra cost.

First up, you should be aware of the basic maintenance utilities in Windows XP. Vista has them too, but it seems to do most of them automatically and they won't make much difference anyway because Vista is probably the biggest resource hog you're likely to have on your computer. I don't have Vista, or any real intention of getting it, so you're on your own there. Same goes for Macs, but I'm not going to address them simply because the associated jokes about sexual orientation are too abundant already among the geek community.

Alright, so load up *My Computer* and then right-click on your main hard drive, usually *C: drive*, and go into *Properties*.

Click the *Tools* tab. First up is the age-old *Error-checking* you probably always used to skip out of annoyance on the old Win98 school computers. Fortunately, it mostly works these days and can't be skipped once it's started. Press *Check Now...* and a small window will pop up. Tick the first box, but not the second. The first option checks for software errors and is reasonably fast. The second scans the physical surface of the whole hard drive, takes forever and is generally redundant as when one part of a hard drive physically fails, usually the whole thing does. You'll probably get a warning telling you that it won't be able to do the scan until you next start your computer. Simply click *Yes* and reboot when you want it done.

After checking for errors, go back to the tools tab and select *Defragment Now...* On the next window simply press *Defragment* and it will get straight to it. This may take from a few minutes to a few hours depending on how untidy your hard drive is and whether you try to use your computer while the tool is running. It simply allows the hard drive to reorganise itself so that files can be found with less searching. Doing this every month or so should keep things running pretty smoothly.

One of the best ways to slow down your computer is with a virus, or rather viruses, as having one will often open up the floodgates, so to speak. However, having *McAfee* or *Norton* on your computer isn't a whole lot better.

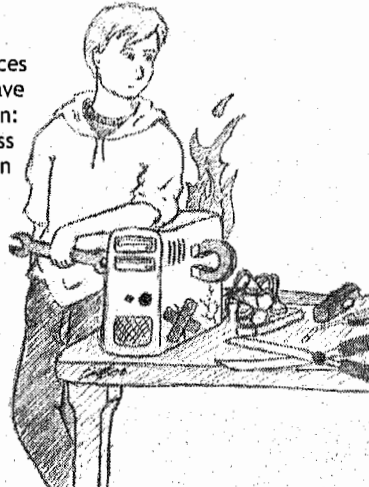
Being the top dogs of the antivirus market for quite a while now means that they've slowly become more and more bloated to the point of slowing your computer down just as much as a virus. You're better off with up-and-coming competitors that are often lighter and cheaper, or even free, as is the case with *Avast! Antivirus*. Head over to *Avast.com* and download their free home edition virus scanner. While it's downloading, you can register your copy through their website to your name and email address to obtain a free year-long license. That's all they require from you and I'm yet to receive a single unsolicited email on any of the email addresses I've registered with them. You'll probably want to go into the preferences for the program once you've installed it and tweak it a bit. For example, try turning off sounds, as the American voice can be grating, but other than that it does the job quite nicely, and doesn't burden that uni budget at all.

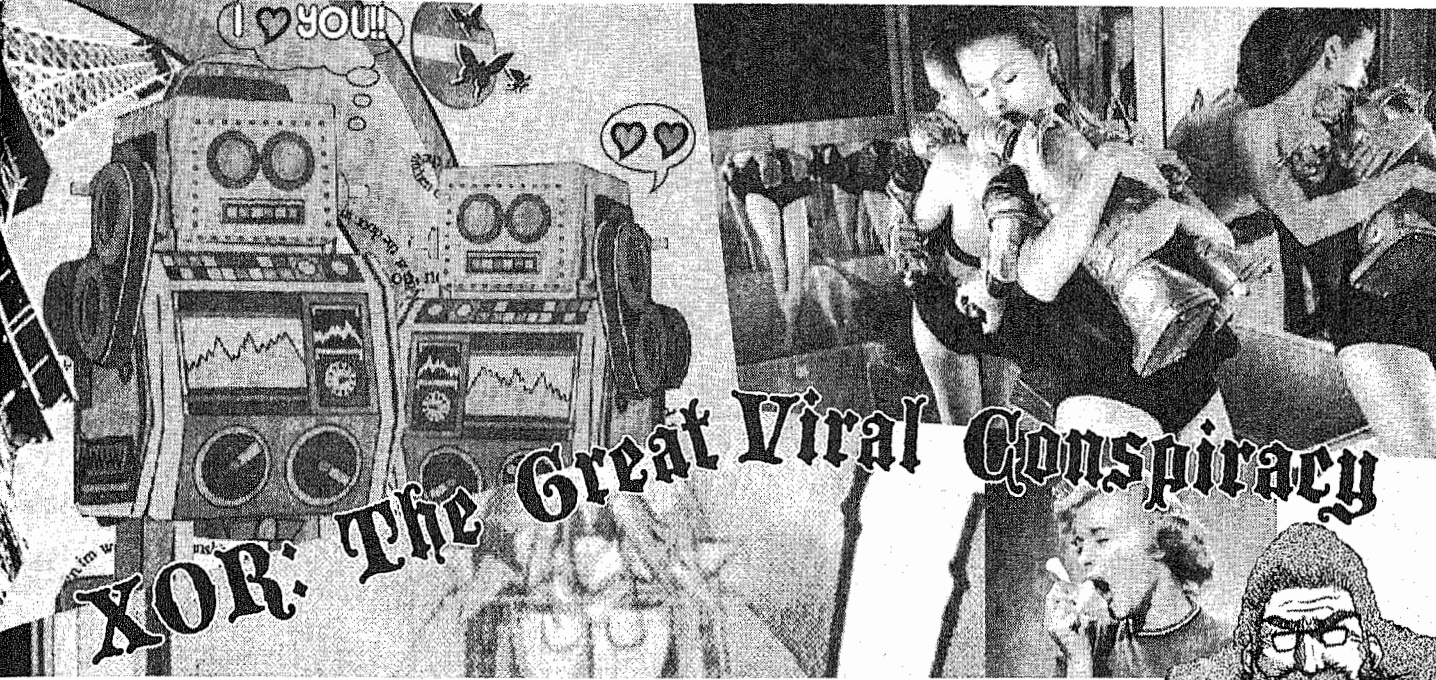
One last trick is to open the *Run...* box from your Start Menu and then type in *msconfig* to open up the *System Configuration Utility*. Click on the *Startup* tab to view all the programs set to load up when Windows boots. Odds are it'll be a pretty big list. Absolutely nothing there is required by Windows to run. A couple will probably be related to useful programs such as your antivirus program but most of it is just junk that software developers are deluded into thinking should always be running. Nine times out of ten, a program only needs to run when you want to open it, so you can un-tick items here to reduce the load on your computer. Don't worry about making a mistake, as you won't actually delete anything by un-ticking it. Windows makes a copy of each item that will be instantly restored should you re-tick a box at anytime in the future. Have a look through it for things that seem unimportant. The *Command* column may help you identify a startup item by showing you the path to which it is installed and, when in doubt, Google it. If nervous, you can try removing just a few things at first, and then reboot and see if anything is different. If something important is missing, just go back in and re-tick it. Odds are, once you've weeded out the junk your computer will load up much faster. An annoying message box will pop up when you restart the computer reminding you what you've done. Simply tick the box before telling it to go away.

Stay tuned for more bite-sized pieces of nifty information that can save you time and me from the question: "Can you fix my computer?" Unless you're actually willing to pay. Then I'm all ears.

Direct all poorly written questions, complaints and offers of cheap Viagra to cyanara@gmail.com

Joe Roberts





Conspiracies keep the masses endlessly entertained with juicy, yet ultimately frivolous debate.

For example, did Dubya invade Iraq simply to raise oil prices enough to justify the rising pumping costs of depleted oil reserves in Texas? You can have a field day with that one, but the next day you're still filling up at a \$1.50 with your sole consolation being muttering under your breath (although I maintain that any fuel station could attract plenty of extra business with life-sized Bush dolls that you get a free punch at with every fill-up).

The important thing is that they're an important deflective tool. By focussing people's attention on their misguided perceptions of the assumed world powers, they don't notice the real powers working behind the scenes. Admittedly, the secret organisation of XOR has not yet entirely reached the status of World Power but all things are merely a matter of time. The coming revolution has been scheduled, but in the meantime we are faced with serious challenges to overcome, the greatest of these being the recent spate of Rhinovirus infections (known to the masses as the Common Cold).

There's no denying that these are being used as a subtle suppressive device by the current powers-that-be. Where's the proof, you ask? Please refrain from suggesting that I'm paranoid. I know they're after me. In recent years I've noticed an alarming increase in regularity of these viral infections upon my being. It used to be that like all other members of the masses I received a mild variation of the 'Common Cold' about twice a year. However, as my diabolical genius was released upon the world towards the end of my "schooling" these lingering, debilitating illnesses increased dramatically to approximately one every two months, each more tedious than the last. The 'educated' cynic might argue that this had to do with me undertaking what appeared to be a civilian course in I.T. which involved many hours in humid, windowless, bunker-like buildings sharing many computer peripherals with residents of the district known as "Elizabeth". However, as everyone knows, it is in fact the cold that gives people colds! After all, surely a virus would fair much better in surviving and spreading outside among the UV radiation, cold weather and vast distances of the outside world than indoors where their hosts reside in close, unhygienic proximity?

Therefore, it is only logical that this dramatically increased occurrence of infections is part of a targeted attack upon the threat I pose to the archaic and failed powers that currently be.

The question becomes how to fight it. Either my immune system has somehow been compromised or there is seemingly no end to the number of strains being developed in secret laboratories, and as any high school biology student can inform you, antibiotics are ineffective against viruses as they are not cells, or even technically alive. This has disturbingly not stopped many doctors from prescribing antibiotics for "sufferers" of viral respiratory conditions, thus leading to the evolution of antibiotic-resistant strains of bacteria to additionally contend with. In fact, it disturbed me greatly to once read promotional material for a brand of probiotics that repeatedly tried to reinforce the idea that doctors should prescribe antibiotics to destroy viral infections.

No doubt this was a poorly designed plan targeted towards me, involving disguised harmful substances, which failed to take into consideration my advanced mental capacities. It is, in fact, clearly evident that, however subconsciously, the current powers-that-be have accepted that their time is limited (after all, is it not written that the Geek shall inherit the Earth? There is some debate about this, admittedly, but after never-ending translations of a, frankly, rather dodgy book written by several different people in an ancient primitive language, you can forgive the poor fools for the occasional typo and misunderstanding).

Therefore, these string-pullers are attempting to covertly cause as much disruption among the masses as possible in the future with these new health epidemics to come, but XOR bows before no master! We shall meet this challenge, and many others, head-on, and we shall prevail!

And in the meantime, we will buy some menthol lollies. Also, some of that eucalyptus stuff you rub on? Yeah, that stuff smells nice.

Joe Roberts



TIM FREEDMAN TALKS TO CLAIRE E. KNIGHT

To you, he's that Gough Whitlam-loving dude your parents listened to in the '90s, the one who hates pokies and thinks that loneliness is uber sexy... but there's probably a lot that you don't know about The Whitlams' Tim Freedman. As well as being an icon of Australian music and a political ambassador, Freedman is a storyteller with no lack of adversity in his dappled life to draw from. Whilst on tour supporting The Whitlams' 'best of' album, I caught up with the man himself and was surprised by his openness and general sincerity.

"I think we manage to still have an audience because people are attracted to the lyrics as opposed to the style of the music and if something touches you lyrically then it continues to for many years whereas the sound of a band sort of goes out of style." Tim points out at mention of the band's longevity. "We've never been a style-based band really. We've got a sound but it's not like we're the example of new romanticism or anything like that. We just play traditional instruments and try and do the lyrics justice." It's a sentiment illustrated by the song choices on *Truth, Beauty and a Picture of You*. Lyrically, each track demonstrates a case of art imitating life, showcasing the inherent honesty and storytelling that so many have come to associate with such an influential band in Australian music history.

I ask Tim about the motivation behind the powerfully ambiguous lyrics of songs such as the commercially successful ballad, 'Blow up the Pokies', to which he launches into a moving story of "beautiful bass player", Andy Lewis...

"He left the band in '97 and uh... he developed a gambling problem on poker machines. I still knew him and I knew he was having this problem and I wrote this song 'Blow Up the Pokies' inspired by his battle with them." Tim reflects; "I don't know if he ever heard the song because two or three months after the song was released he ended his life... because of the poker machines. He worked all week in a factory and he put his money through the pokies on the way home. It was really sad and tragic, he was a talented boy."

Unless you've heard this story, it isn't too obvious what Tim is referencing in the song. At the time it was written, I wondered if anyone else was familiar with the significance Andy had to its conception. "I didn't tell people about that for a while because it was a bit sensitive and people were sort of moved by the song and it became a sort of soundtrack to their recovery, people who were trying to get over the same problem. But it had a very tragic post-script which was the fact that it actually got the better of him and he uh... shuffled off his mortal coil..." Tim trails off.

With such epic stories attached to each song, I ask Tim if he'd considered writing of different sorts, "I don't think I'm good enough to be a novelist. Of all the people I admire and am in awe of, novelists are at the very top. The way they can work so hard for so long to create this world that just gives other people so much joy, I can't imagine doing that." So perhaps no fiction novel on the way, but certainly there's boundless material for an autobiography: "I can imagine writing a book about my adventures. I've always been a reader of modern fiction but I've started trying to read some memoirs lately because I'd like to go down that track in a few years I think. It'd be fun. If everyone's got one book in them, unfortunately its probably just a memoir," he adds with a grin. "Hopefully I've got that one in me somewhere... some racy anecdotes."

So having just released a 'best of', will The Whitlams be producing any new material in the near future?

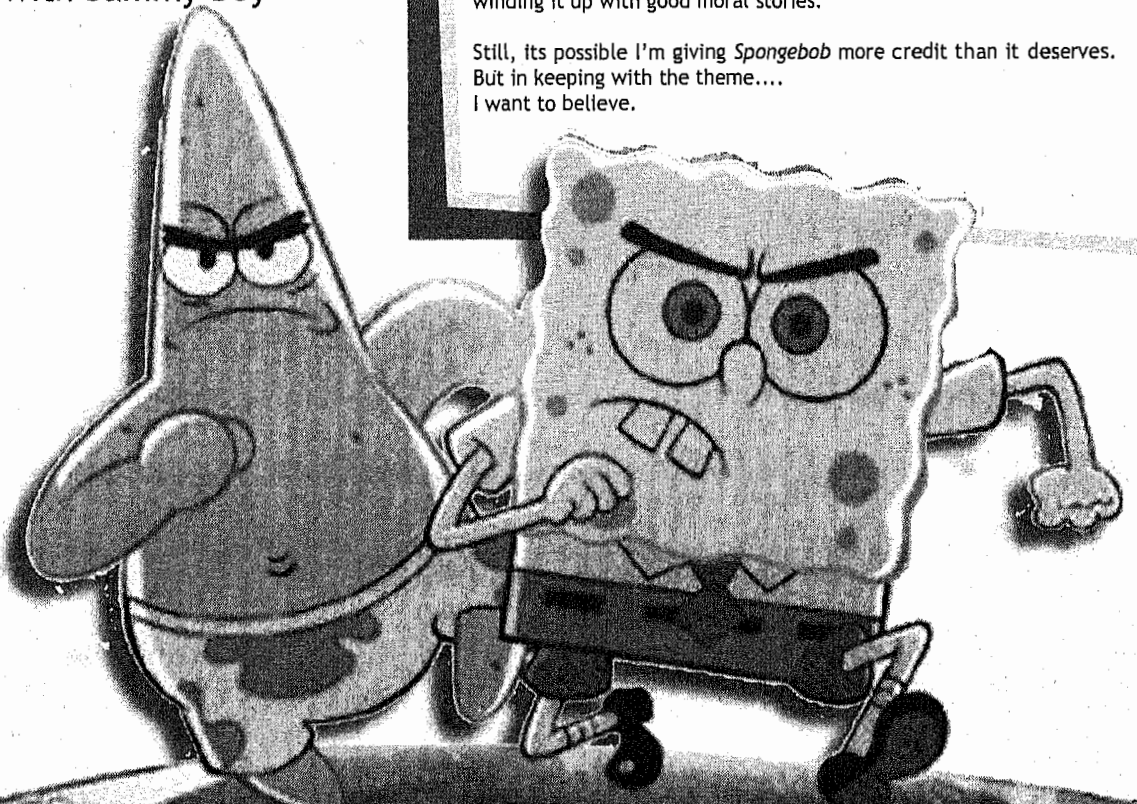
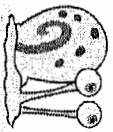
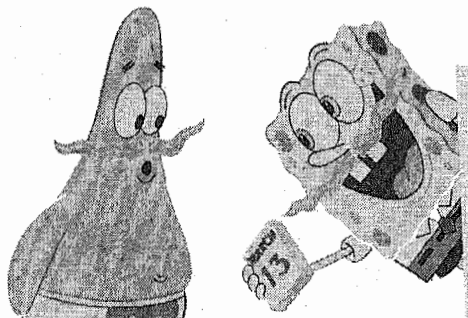
"I don't know. I'm going to write some more songs over the summer and depending on what sort of songs they are, I might actually do something solo for a while and give the band a break..." Tim suggests. "We've been everywhere the last few months, TV and radio, people just get sick of you. You've gotta give it a rest."

Truth, Beauty and a Picture of You is out now through Warner Music.

Claire

If Nautical Nonsense Be Something You Wish...

Television with Sammy Boy



Spongebob Squarepants was the closest thing to conspiracy themed programming that I could come up with. And while it is not at all conspiracy theory themed, the Nickelodeon-based kids comedy is a joy to watch and can lift almost any mood.

The protagonist is a well-meaning, overly-optimistic, enthusiastic, friendly, obliviously-annoying piece of Sea Sponge named Spongebob Squarepants. He has arms and legs, and square pants. He has similarly quickly-thrown-together offsideers in Patrick Star (a starfish) and Gary (a sea snail) and Mr Krabs (a crab). Spongebob's nemesis (although Spongebob thinks they're friends) is Squidward (a squid). Now, I'm sure pop culture has ensured that I'm not breaking any new ground to any readers here, as *S BSP* has been at saturation point for the last five years at least. Regardless, I feel I should explain my attachment to this program, and back up my childish admission that... I series link this show and haven't missed an episode yet.

The genius of this show is spread fairly evenly across the obvious elements of any animated comedy - plot writing, voice performance, character writing, etc. But the glorious shining amazing element of this show is the animation style. Particularly, the amount of expression Spongebob and his offsideers are able to evoke, with hilarious results. Now, you may need to consult YouTube or Nickelodeon to find some faithful examples, but *Spongebob* is the single most powerfully expressive animated character i've found so far, not to mention the most hilarious.

The comedy found in *Spongebob* is comparable to that of the Groening era, with the freedom and vibrancy that comes with kids programming - we've all done it from time to time; I've been transfixed by "I got a new way to walk" on *Sesame Street*... or Bronson hunting a "skeleton on the dunny" in *Round the Twist*. The creators of *Spongebob* seem to harness this obscure adult interest and toss it alongside a magical concept for a children's show, writing jokes and concepts that appeal to both demographics. What results is a show that takes the simplest bases for stories (missing the bus, being jealous of your best friend) and dialling up the interest level visually, comically and always winding it up with good moral stories.

Still, its possible I'm giving *Spongebob* more credit than it deserves. But in keeping with the theme.... I want to believe.



Colombia

The Marching Power of a Future Generation



That's marching POWER not powder. When I say the word Colombia what springs to your mind? No doubt, instantly an image of cocaine, kidnappings and guerilla warfare. At least, this is what the Australian Government website would have you believe. Listed on the Australian Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade (DFAT - <http://www.smarttraveller.gov.au/zw-cgi/view/Advice/Colombia>), a Smart Traveller section that provides updated information for Australian globetrotters, Colombia is labelled a high risk destination, with certain cities dubbed 'reconsider your need to travel', and others listed as simply 'do not travel'.

Why then, have I lived in Bogota, the capital city of Colombia, for the last two months and experienced nothing untoward? Instead of facing turmoil and terror on the streets, I spend my days wandering the city, the same size more or less as Sydney, discovering new restaurants, shopping malls, student hangouts, cinemas, bars and parks.

I live with my partner Javier in a hip, Bohemian neighbourhood filled with stylish restaurants offering various cuisines from around the world and utilising cohesive modern design features and furniture. I often accompany Javier to his university which is a part of the historic La Candelaria and is located in the centre of the city. Any given day of the week it is filled with students wearing fashions that could put the best dressed in Australia to shame and drinking beer or fantastic coffee in the colourful cafes and open air bars that line the surrounding streets.

On weekends, I like to go to one of the many parks that are contained within Bogota. The biggest park, Simon Bolivar, spans about 4 square kilometres, has an abundance of green grass and a lake in the centre, with paddle boats and kayaks to hire for children. Due to their Catholic background, Sunday has remained a day that Colombians devote to the family. Any given Sunday, Parque Simon Bolivar is filled with parents, children and friends having picnics, playing soccer, throwing a Frisbee, listening to music and if you look into the air, you would see no less than 200 kites flying high in the sky.

Alternatively, the best way to get a look at the landscape Bogota has to offer, is to walk up one of the surrounding hills. At 2600 metres above sea level, Bogota is built on a plain. However, the East of the city is lined by green hills, which contain a number of small villages only forty minutes away: perfect for a weekend day trip, to get out into the countryside and eat the local bakery food, or sample Canelazo (hot brandy with cinnamon) from a quaint roadside bar. Monserrate is the best known mountain in Bogota and the centre of the city lies at its base. It takes about an hour to walk slowly up the winding trail or for four dollars you can take the glass Gondola to the viewpoint. Here you can walk around and sample the traditional hot bread, Pandebono or Avena, the local drink of chilled oatmeal, available from the number of food stalls at the top. On a clear day you can see all of Bogota; the historic Plaza de Bolivar where the Constitutional Court and the Parliament stand, the green section of the Parque Simon Bolivar in the distance and the eclectic mix of business districts and residential neighbourhoods that flow from the South to North and from the base of the East mountains far into the West.

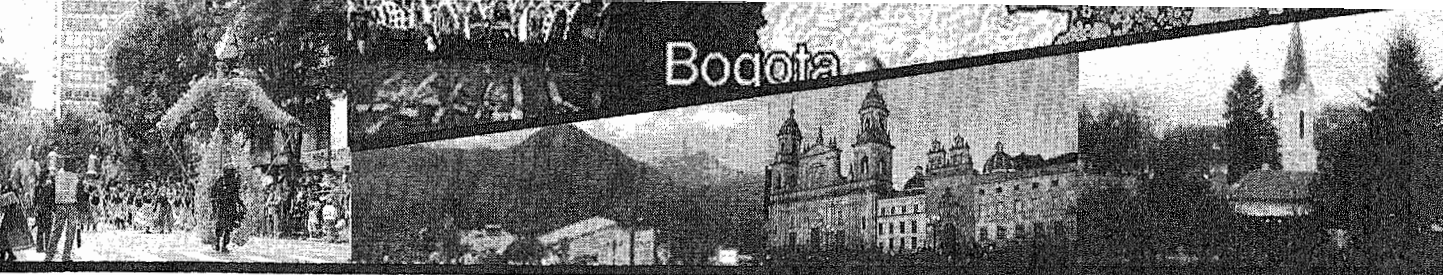
A city of eight million people, the transport is highly organised and exceeds expectations. Since Bogota was not designed with a subway, in the last decade a separate motorway was created for a bus service called the Transmilenio, something similar to a subway above ground. These red buses travel all over the city to neighbourhoods in every direction and have clearly marked routes such as you would find in a subway map. The roads utilised by the Transmilenio are not shared by any other transport ensuring that routes are never affected by delays or peak hour traffic. If your house is not en route with the Transmilenio, the main street of Bogota, 7th Avenue, which runs directly through the city from South to North, has several buses passing every minute going to practically any destination of your choice. In Bogota, it is impossible to miss a bus. They are privately owned and the licenses and routes are regulated however, there are no bus stops or timetables. As confusing as this is, none of it really matters because, generally there is another one coming along seconds later.

At any time of day you can hail a taxi. They are all licensed, clearly marked yellow Hyundais, which contain the name and photo of the driver along with a laminated price table for fares to all areas, to avoid any potential scams and corruption. However, it is unlikely you would be so unlucky, most cab drivers are husbands and fathers, or sometimes university students trying to earn some extra money in their spare time.

Although trees and mountains are aplenty in Bogota, the air is sometimes congested, as often happens in a city with many buildings and a lot of transport. However, Colombia is still miles ahead of many Western cultures in how it maintains the environment. While the world watches proudly as China regulates transport during the Olympic Games, the major cities of Bogota have had a pollution system in place for several years. This system uses the final digit of a car number plate, to designate which days a car is permitted to travel within the city during peak hours. If it's not your day, it's public transport, otherwise you'll face a hefty fine.

Although the people of Bogota are not as well-travelled as those of the Western world, this is certainly not due to lack of interest. While Colombia opens its borders to citizens of most other countries without requiring an Entry Visa, the people of Colombia are subjected to severe travel restrictions in every country of the world. The years of Pablo Escobar did endless damage to the reputation of Colombians and they must be pre-approved for Tourist Visas for Australia, New Zealand, European and North American countries - a time consuming process and expensive process which they can barely afford in addition to flights.

Javier, who was returning from India to Colombia, had to pay \$150 for an Airport Transport Visa, which simply entitled him to spend one hour in Charles De Gaulle Airport in Paris whilst waiting for his connecting flight to Bogota. I wouldn't have believed it myself if not for the fact that I was the one who went to the visa office and waited patiently to pay and obtain the permission, which was granted three days later. This is, of course, to avoid the select few Colombians who may manage to raise enough money and be



approved Visas to France, fly their family to Paris and then stand in the airport and claim refugee status, thus causing the Government problems they would rather not have. For this, France sanctions a whole country.

In addition to this, Javier, two years ago, applied for a Visa to travel to New York to visit his girlfriend at the time, who was working there. He had the flights reserved, proof he was half way through his five year Electrical Engineering degree in the best university in Colombia, proof his father, a respected magistrate could support him with any funds and proof that he had a full-time job with a reputable software firm. His application was rejected for no real reason: he was told that he did not provide enough proof that he would actually return to Colombia and not stay in the United States trying to obtain illegal work.

It is hard to be identified as a Colombian sometimes. I have seen the look on Javier's face, when foreigners in India asked where he was from. He would answer Colombia, and I would brace myself for the standard: 'Are you a Narco-trafficker? So can you get me some cocaine...' or any other crack (excuse the pun) along those lines. I hope when he comes to Australia, people are informed enough to say something like 'Ah Colombia - great coffee, wonderful fruit, beautiful landscape' or even 'Hey, Shakira's music isn't that bad'. But I am fearful I'll be forced to watch on again as Australians make cocaine connotations and fail to back up the joke with something that comes off as more knowledgeable. I have to say, it's nice that as an Australian the worst association I get, usually from Americans, is an imitation of a kangaroo hopping or the word "Fosters". We all know how inaccurate those perceptions are of day-to-day Australian life. Please, when you think of Colombia, don't fall into the same traps or follow media representation and imagine that Colombia is a reflection of what the select few do wrong.

Sure, there is a still a big difference between rich and poor, but the government is slowly combatting this: some reforms do exist to help the poor with medical treatment and education for their children. In fact, the situation in Colombia is far better than in Thailand or Indonesia, places that thousands of Australians happily plan their holidays to each year. In addition when the DFAT website simply states 'do not travel' to several Colombian destinations, it fails to point out that Colombia is a rather large country and suggesting not to travel to certain places due to danger of terrorism is like suggesting not to travel to Melbourne when there is

civil unrest in Alice Springs. Whilst a flight between Colombian cities may take one or two hours, the travel overland is impeded by mountains, so a surprise terrorist attack is unlikely given that 800 kilometres can take between sixteen to twenty-two hours by car. They certainly don't have missiles here and most of the guerilla activity is rampant in the jungle area, where simple common sense implies you don't wander as a foreigner, alone without an official guide and only a backpack.

The same applies to the likelihood you'll find yourself in the middle of a drug cartel; stay out of their way and generally they will probably stay out of yours. In many ways, the streets of New York and even those within the darker sides of Sydney and Melbourne where heroin and Ecstasy can easily be found are just as dangerous as the threat of exposure to the underworld in Colombia. I'm not sure about you, but I don't often venture into those sorts of alleys for fun, either here or in the places I mentioned above. Bag-snatching still exists: in fact, after two months in Colombia I first saw one happen right in front of me today - some kids taking a bag from a young girl. But that is no reason to avoid travel to a country altogether.

I'd like to sum up by taking a look at the demographic and psyche of the people in Colombia. Whether rich or poor, most are proud individuals working hard to help their family get ahead, in a country which has felt the price of worldwide inflation with global imports but at the same has an economy that cannot yet support a high relative wage to keep up. Despite its infamy in drug exporting, drug use amongst the population is considerably low and is mainly fuelled by the poor who, with few other options, fall into bad circles and try to make money the wrong way. Children are aware how hard their parents have to work, to help them through their University, which can cost up to \$5000 a semester, if it is private (public universities exist, but the third world economy, along with a high demand of young students means private facilities offer a better level of education and places within public universities are limited). Further, it is not feasible that a student takes a part-time job to support their own studies because the average wage for such employment is about three dollars an hour.

Most Colombians choose to avoid the perils of marijuana and other hard drugs, as unlike Western cultures, there is no dole money or social security to pull you through if you screw up your life. That isn't to say Colombians don't put a lot of emphasis on leisure. As

typical Latin Americans, music is played in the street on weekends, everyone loves to dance to Western and Latino tunes alike, and pass the hours drinking Colombian beer and eating in the various trendy neighbourhoods around town. On Sundays they even close the main street Septima (7th Street), that runs through the city. It's called Cyclovia and is for cyclists, rollerbladers and pedestrians who use the eight kilometre stretch through Bogota, to exercise and socialise free from the danger of automobiles. Bogota is an organised city, as are the other commercial centres of Medellin, Cali, Cartagena and Manizales - all have the same address system of New York, with streets numbered in ascending order from South to North, East to West, meaning that navigation for citizens and tourist alike is straight-forward.

Colombia is a power marching forward, it may not be there yet, it still has some economic and internal problems but I am sure, in the next ten years, the people of Colombia and the rest of South America will emerge as prominent contributors to this century. A strong focus on technology, infrastructure and the mindset of our generation are helping Colombia to become a safe and modern country. And when considering a future holiday, I beg you to look a little deeper than what you may see in the news or read on a poorly updated Australian Government website. While we are happy to go to most Asian destinations for the service, value and beauty they offer, I can assure you Colombia and South America have a landscape comparable to none and brilliant cuisine at prices you used to find in Australia fifteen years ago. But above all there exists in Colombia a friendly population of young and old alike. Unlike the Asian culture which still predominantly sees Westerners as customers and not necessarily friends and acquaintances, sit on any bus, go to any pub or meet any young student in the street, and it's most likely they'll invite you for a beer, talk about their culture and appear no different than any other person our age or from Europe or America. After all, they are from Anglo-Spanish origin and our cultural values are predominantly the same.

Ironically, the biggest danger you may face in Colombia is the impediment to their generosity, kindness and friendliness, fuelled by the Western perception that Colombians are untrustworthy, dangerous and uneducated.

By Rhiannon Monks



Kasia has never faked an orgasm, but don't be fooled by her honest face. Remember that underneath this gentle facade, this is the girl who faked the moon landing. Oh yeah, and her best friend forever was the alien killed in the Roswell crash. Reginald Kenneth Dwight can verify these outlandish claims. Due to her unparalleled access, Kasia plans to sleep in on the 81st of December 2012, yep, she intends to sleep through Armageddon as she has big plans for the after party.



Nathan thinks it would be really cool if *The 2nd Step Code* wasn't just the nation of a pulp novelist but that elegiac people. When the world comes to an end, he hopes to really do some descendant walking among us lay be consoling him in the sun, and he was unequivocal about not having been sucked into the Y2K millennium bug and being so rational and cynical. Vox Pop assumed Nathan must be an engineering student.



When the end of the world comes, Harry hopes to be the guy chasing it. Mwah ha ha! If he could chase just one conspiracy theory he wished were true, he would hope that the moon landing was staged... no wait, that the Americans really knew that September 11 was going to happen, or that the Americans in fact caused the 9/11 attacks. There's no evidence of the paranormal and that there is absolutely no evidence of the paranormal and that Y2K was never going to be the catastrophe that was predicted.



Valerian hopes that when Armageddon comes, he's getting some sweet town'... finally. He and his family took the threat of Y2K very seriously, stocking up on food and very filling up their childhood paddie pool with sunbather water. While he has no specific evidence, he believes in the paranormal but does not believe in the shocker behind the grassy knoll.

Kim, the physicist we want to get physical with, will prove that time travel isn't a conspiracy if you can provide her with the technology. In return, she will travel through time and rescue the Grand Duchess Anastasia Nikolaevna of Russia from the Bolshevik guns. Kim has witnessed paranormal activity when a friend's cousins aunts-neighbours brother in law took a photograph of a birthday cake and then, when the photo was printed, the neon-blue transparent head of the caucasian Virgin Mary was floating over it... Spooky. No word on whether the Virgin was protecting people from food poisoning.



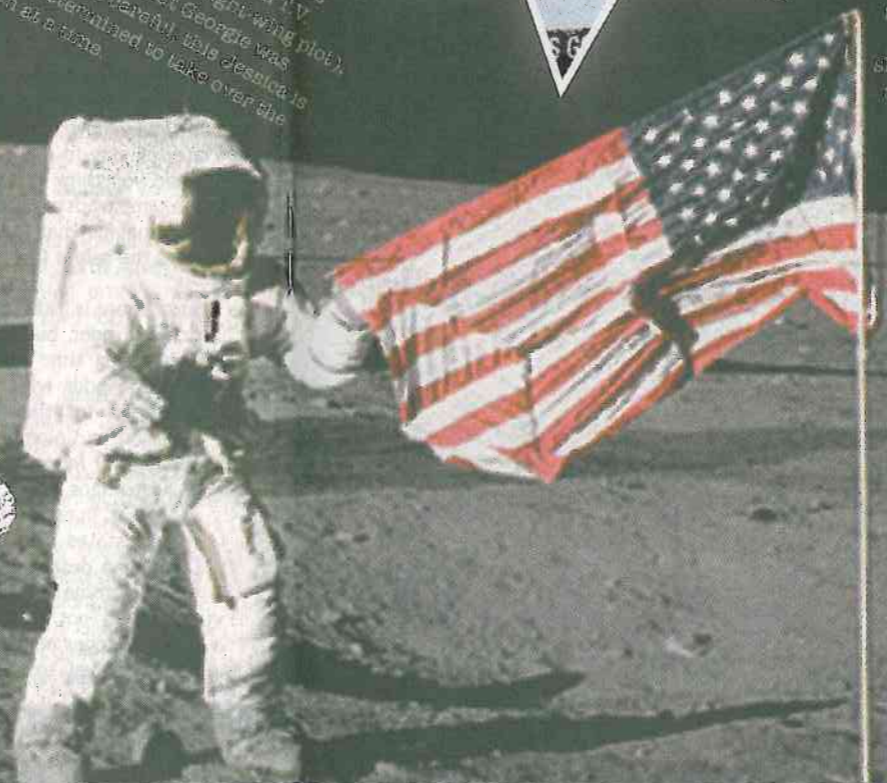
We used the Bar's Smith Lawns cones of silence to interview Jessica and played the depths of her dramatic aria with George W. Bush. We wanted to discover if it is true that her other dramatic aria with George W. Bush ever predicted September 11. Jess is also a cult leader. The cult worships Aquinas which she used to guarantee that George was elected a second time. Be careful, the Jessica is a dangerous thing determined to take over the world, one lawn at a time.



Michael would just love if the speculation surrounding Michael Phelps' eighth gold medal were true. Apparently, one of his sponsors, Omega, was in charge of the time-keeping and doctored results so he could become the greatest Olympian of all time, or so the story goes... He would also like it if ghosts existed because he's sure that if they would have made a ghost tour he went on in Georgia, much more worth his while... and his cash. Michael was totally scared into the Y2K scandal back in 1999 and if he could be doing anything while the world was coming to an end, he would sit on a county deck chair (or banana lounge) with a bowl of popcorn and watch it all happen.



We interrupted Madeline as she topped to the Backstreets Boys, only to discover that she would rock everybody and throw her hands up in the air if the Ness Monster really existed. Shockingly, she doesn't have any proof of extra-terrestrial activity. Nick Carter don't stress. We are pretty sure that she would find the words to say, the road to take, and find a way back to your heart if aliens really did exist.



VOX POP



ELLE DIT

The Women's Edition
Out October 7

NOW SHOWING!

Join The Film Society (AUFS)

Attend the regular Film Society screenings. Great movies for just a few pennies!

Screenings are on Thursdays at 7:00pm in the Union Cinema. We also have extra screenings every other Tuesday (weeks 2,4,6 and 8), these are also in the Union Cinema at 7:00pm.

Come along!

The Term 2 films are:

- Week 6 Extra: *The Glass Key*
- Week 6 Regular: *Vertigo*
- Week 7 Regular: *Rocky Horror Picture Show*
- Week 8 Extra: *Soylent Green*
- Week 8 Regular: *Magnolia*



ANONYMOUSLY SPEAKING...

Have you heard the 1987 Rick Astley song 'Never Gonna Give You Up' a few more times than you would normally expect for 2008?

Do friends and family send you pictures of cats with misspelled captions on them? Have you seen people in masks walking around town with signs protesting Scientology?

If you've seen or heard any of this, then you've witnessed some of the phenomena of Anonymous.

So who are Anonymous? a group? a name? or just a lack of credit? The answer is "All of the above". Basically Anonymous is you and me; people all over the world gathering online who see an opportunity to simultaneously make a difference and have a good time.

A simplistic way to look at it is that we're pranksters with a social conscience and no conscience; anybody can be Anonymous.

Since February 2008, people who identify as participating in Anonymous activities have gathered together for one cause, under one banner, around the world, for a (mostly) unified purpose: to protest Scientology.

Why Scientology? A fortunate coincidence in methodology. The culture of Anonymous is to do things with no credit; Scientology's culture is to attack its critics, as instructed by their founder, the science fiction writer Lafayette Ronald Hubbard. Scientology takes everything very seriously; Anonymous takes fun (or as we call it, 'lulz') seriously.

So it begins.

The first 'shot across the bow'.

In response to Scientology's misuse of copyright law to silence the Internet from screening an unintentionally funny Tom Cruise video, the first worldwide protest was organised. 'It' then began to grow exponentially and morphed every month as people learnt more about Scientology's abuses.

Deceptive practices, government infiltration, lawsuits to harass, intimidation of critics and members whom wish to leave or want their money back, their own 'secret police' all the while subsidised by your tax dollars.

Things were getting pretty serious business.



Anonymous continued in its campaign, protesting globally every month under different 'themes' the group dubbed "Operations". Themes included "Reconnect" - a way to get Scientologists reunited with their families; "Sea Aargh" - a parody of Scientology's private navy the 'Sea Org' (yes, you read that right); and "FairgameSTOP" - linking the Nintendo game *Battletoads* to Scientology's 'Fair Game' policy of attacking critics.

So what is Anonymous trying to achieve? The main goal of Anonymous is to remove Scientology's tax-exempt status in South Australia and everywhere else this status has been gained. Scientology is a criminal organisation masquerading as a religion. Scientology's tax exemption is coming up for review in Australia very soon - we ask that

people write to their members of parliament to rigorously investigate Scientology's operations and tax-free status. Anonymous also encourages people to do their own research; knowledge is free.

The ball is already rolling: Jane Lomax-Smith came to an Adelaide Anonymous protest in March, walked up to a camera operator and engaged in conversation. After Anonymous explained the Scientology policy of 'Fair Game' and the details of Scientology's tax exemption status, Ms Lomax-Smith commented: "They [Scientology] should be taxed, the bastards. They shouldn't be tax free, We're subsidising them...I like your masks". This received national and international media attention. Ms Lomax-Smith (SA Minister for Education) stood by her views after public scrutiny and the Rann government backed her up. Since the incident, Ms Lomax-Smith has had 'Mental Health' added to her ministerial portfolio.

Isn't this just discrimination of religion? No. The goal of Anonymous is to revoke Scientology's tax exempt status. It is a person's own right to believe in body thetans or Invisible Pink Unicorns if they so desire. What is not acceptable, is when a profit-venture masquerades as a religion, to tell people about Invisible Pink Unicorns only after they've paid thousands of dollars, and to refuse them the right of refund after informing them. The German government has already banned Scientology and distribute literature to travellers advising them to avoid Scientology for their own good.

Where can I find out more about Anonymous and its activities against Scientology? In Adelaide, our website is www.AnonSA.org and there are links there to other chapters around the country or around the world. To view previous Anonymous rallies and antics in Adelaide, visit <http://www.youtube.com/adelaide>.

The next protest in Adelaide (referred to as a 'raid') is on September the 13th at 2:00pm at Victoria Square. Expect us.



Performing Arts

Steven Berkoff

As one of the world's most acclaimed actors, writers and directors, Steven Berkoff has electrified audiences with chilling productions such as *East*, *Salomé* and *Coriolanus*.

Berkoff is also internationally renowned for his portrayal as the 'evil guy' in films such as *A Clockwork Orange*, *Octopussy*, *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Rambo*.

Steven is also famous for drawing controversy. Notably, he grabbed headlines after issuing a death threat to the critic Nicholas de Jongh who gave him a bad review for his production of *Hamlet*.

In 2005, he declared he was the best qualified person to replace Trevor Nunn at the National Theatre, claiming he could run it "from my bed" and that he would sack every current member of staff.

This year, Berkoff returns to Adelaide with his theatrical masterpiece *One Man*. Consisting of two one-act plays - *Tell-Tale Heart* and *Dog - One Man* is mesmerizing theatre.

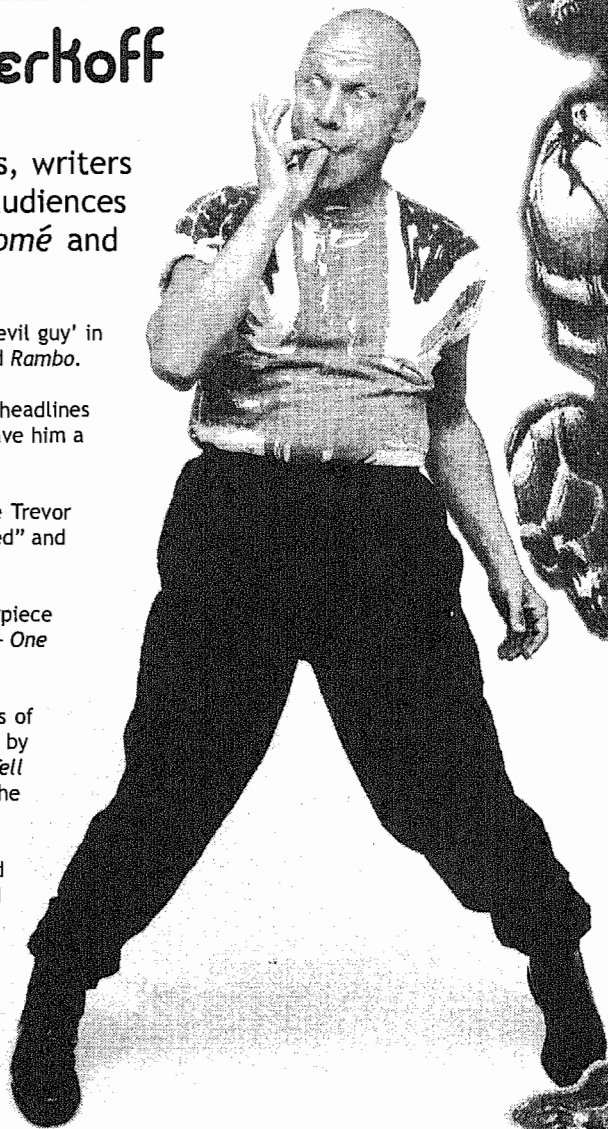
The act *Tell-Tale Heart* is surely one of the most frightening tales of dementia and murderous compulsion. Based on the short story by legendary gothic author Edgar Allan Poe, and adapted by Berkoff, *Tell Tale Heart* is a story of horror, told by a man who stands alone in the spotlight.

Protesting sanity, he explains how he systematically killed and dismembered a neighbour whose "vulture eye" offended him, and how his perfect crime slowly and surely went astray with each beat of the tell-tale heart.

Meanwhile the act *Dog* is a Steven Berkoff original. It tells the hilarious story of a day in the life of a football hooligan and his pit bull terrier, Roy. One minute Berkoff is the skinhead and the next he is Roy, as he reacts to his master's cruel but sometimes loving antics. It's a blistering indictment of the worst of British society, particularly its violent football fans.

One Man will be performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, 10-11 October 2008.

Tickets can be purchased through BASS
www.bass.net.au



Win the opportunity to meet controversial legend of the stage, Steven Berkoff



Berkoff is back! Theatre's enfant terrible returns once more to dazzle, thrill and excite Adelaide audiences, and we are offering one lucky person the opportunity to meet the Man, face-to-face!

Simply e-mail ondit@adelaide.edu.au stating what you love best about 'The Boff' and you could win two tickets to see his acclaimed performance *One Man* at Her Majesty's Theatre, 8pm on October 10. Better yet, you will also have the opportunity to rub shoulders with Steven after the show.



Just like-a Mamma use-ta make!



Dit-licious

The History of il sugo

Old Italian women keep their most prized recipes very close to their chests and hearts. Generation after generation, family recipes get passed down from mother and father to daughter and son, but the disclosure of such recipes could make a Nonna or Mamma so *arrabiata* that one may ever eat the prized dish again. My best friend Melly has always conveniently appeared at my house around dinner time and can attest that pasta sauce is never as-a good as Mamma make. You can go to the houses of other Italian Mammás, but it's never as good as your own Mamma's.

Conspiracy or not, today my dear friends, I disclose the recipe for Mamma Lella's pasta sauce at risk bringing shame upon my family's culinary standing. However, for *On Dit*, there is little I wouldn't do. Some say sauce is just common sense, but there's one secret ingredient that makes the best pasta sauce in the world...

Read on:

Sugo @lassico Red Sauce

Based on the humble tomato and the best Italian herbs, Sugo Rosso packs a punch. Chunky and delicious, you'll want to eat it all on its own. Warning! It takes patience and time to get a delicious, sweet and tangy sauce.

You'll need:

- 2 Cloves Garlic
- 1 Brown Onion
- 1 Bunch Italian Parsley
- 1 Red Capsicum
- 2 Bottles Tomato Puree
- 1 Tin Whole Peeled Tomatoes
- Olive Oil
- Salt
- Pepper

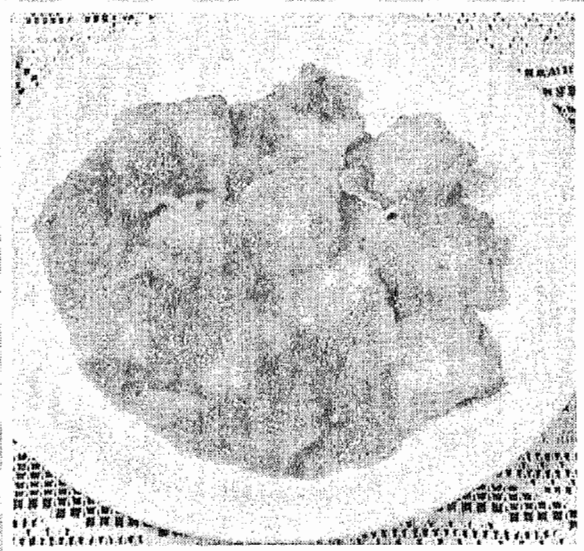


Wanna make-a meaty pasta or have any questions about this recipe?

E-mail Natty @ ondit@adelaide.edu.au for some Italian love.

Metodo:

Cover the bottom of a pot in olive oil and heat. Roughly chop or process the onion, capsicum and parsley and crush the garlic. Add the onion and garlic to the pan and cook slowly until they start to become translucent. Add the capsicum and parsley and stir, simmering slowly for about 5 minutes. Add the tin of tomatoes, half fill the can with water and add to the pot. Now is a good time to add some salt, but you need to taste to ensure it's not too salty. If you're not sure how much, about 3 good pinches should be fine. Add the tomato puree and rinse the bottles with a bit of water, adding it to the mix. Stir the ingredients well, adding more salt if needed and add pepper. Boil the sauce. Put the lid on and leave to bubble on medium heat for about half an hour, stirring occasionally. Continue to simmer until the sauce is at your desired consistency - not too watery but make sure it does not dry out. If cooking in advance: leave sauce on the stove and bring to boil again when needed.



The sauce should look like a fine salsa with a fine layer of olive oil on top when you're done.

If made with love, it should be up to scratch - even by Mamma Lella's standards.

Serve with your favourite pasta, grated parmesan cheese and fresh chilli. Make sure you put sauce in with the pasta and mix it and then put more on top - it's the right way.

Buon appetito!



Film

Editors: Aslan Mesbah, Vincent Coleman & Steph Walker

Conspiracy Theory?

An article that kind of fits in the Film section but not really.

This was meant to be the Pirate issue. I was working on a brilliant piece about film piracy, and [redacted] [redacted]. And now I'm not. Why? What are they trying to keep me from saying? Piracy was a brilliant topic! Everyone loves pirates. Not to mention the fact that we pretty much have to plunder everything in sight to keep this student media ship from sinking. It sounds suspicious to me. The office has been awfully empty this week also. Something is going on in *On Dit* land.

Point One:

Exhibit A.
Film subbie [redacted] disappeared mysteriously of late on some kind of Visa issue, and was forced to return to Canada.

Exhibit B.

Shortly after which we were joined by last year's film sub-editor [redacted]. Who returned from Canada.

Exhibit C.

On the grapevine I hear *On Dit* editor [redacted] [redacted] is going away next year. To Canada.

What is going on! What is happening in Canada? WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT CANADA! Some sort of Pirate mind control camp? Is that the 'conference' in [redacted] they send newly elected editors on? No doubt I'm next. Perhaps it was my controversial article on nemesis, including film piracy. Perhaps it was my expose of our own devious pirating ways in this very column. Am I about to take a trip to 'Canada'? Will this article even go to print!?

Point Two:

Rumours have been circulating that [redacted] is making offers to buy all of South Australia's student media. [redacted] wants to buy *On Dit*, *Entropy*, *Libertine* - all student media, no doubt resulting in strict censorship and content control.

Point Three:

I [redacted] authority [redacted] so-called [redacted] of this [redacted] are, in fact CANADIAN PIRATES! [redacted] [redacted] are [redacted] editors [redacted] brainwashed? Is this the reason that *Entropy* have such glossy pages, [redacted] [redacted] synthesised from an amalgam [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]!

Finally:

Look closer at the word conspiracy itself. consPIRACY! A little convenient isn't it?

What shall happen to me when this comes to light I know not. Pray only that they don't take me in my sleep.

Sincerely,
Vincent Coleman



Mercury Cinema

It is extraordinary to see just how far cinema has come, in a relatively short amount of time. In the eleven or twelve decades that it has been around, cinema has had a remarkably busy & evolving life. It is the child of many, many people. Some may say that the cinema we enjoy today found its place in Thomas Edison's Kinetoscope. This very cumbersome box served as one's personal cinema. The only pity was that it was bolted to the ground at sideshows. This, as well as many other pioneering inventions, eventually gave way to the Lumiere brothers patented Cinematograph. This was the first ever recording, developing and projecting film camera. Unlike the more guarded forms of artistic expression, cinema was seen as another 'opiate of the masses'. In other words, a cheap theatre of attractions, lacking in artistic merit. However (and luckily) this perception began to change. Since then, film has been shipped off globally, unpacked, reassembled and reinterpreted in countless ways.

A plethora of manifestos and movements later, South Australia's premiere film society Cinematheque (a part of the Media Resource Centre) reflects on the developing life of the movie camera, as well as the people in front and behind it. To be more precise, Cinematheque is a mixture of classic, cult, experimental, documentary, silent and short films. It screens twice a week, on Monday & Thursday and is quite the student friendly venue. Starting at \$21 patrons may purchase a four-movie ticket pass. At regular student, movie-going prices \$21 equates to about two movies. In effect, Cinematheque is offering four movies for the price of two. The second great thing is that the Mercury cinema is the only cinema with a liquor license.

So what does one spend a four movie pass on? September showcases some great and ultra rare movies. Mid to late September features three exceptionally high-quality pieces of wartime movie-making. Starting with the Russian 1985 drama *Come and See*, we see war through the eyes of children. Included in this is the not-to-miss 1979 Palme d'Or winner *The Tin Drum* and the 1971 Grand Jury Prize Winner *Johnny Got His Gun*. Rounding out September is part-founder of the Free Cinema movement and champion of the anarchic: Lindsay Anderson. His seminal feature, *If...*, a prized and controversial piece will show along with Jean Vigo's *Zero de Conduite*, somewhat of a poster-boy of Anderson. *If...* treats typical class-conscious, British New Wave themes, in a blackly comedic and surreal way. This film also marked the debut of Malcolm MacDowell, who before becoming Alexander DeLarge from *A Clockwork Orange*, was Mick 'the bastard' Travis. MacDowell and Anderson teamed up again to make their second feature *O' Lucky Man!* This second ultra-rare, imported print is exclusive to Cinematheque and can't be found anywhere else in the country. With a soundtrack by Alan Price, this is a sequel amongst sequels. *O' Lucky Man* is preceded by *O' Dreamland*, Anderson's initial foray into Free Cinema. The rest of the programme lists a number of groundbreaking films. Included in this list are *Jedda*, *Medium Cool* and Michelangelo Antonioni's cult trip *Zabriskie Point* (featuring a soundtrack by Pink Floyd).

For those looking for an alternative to mass-screened commercial cinema, Cinematheque offers a truly independent, retrospective and engaging programme filled with history-making and groundbreaking films.

Thomas Glaister

Waltz with Bashir (MA15+) Commences Sept 11

This first ever, feature-length animated documentary centers on the experience of director Ari Folman, who as a young man played a small part on the Israeli side of the 1982 Lebanese War. Folman, a man somewhat at odds with himself in life sets out to remember what he has blocked out. Through interviews with his fellow soldiers, Ari pieces together the frightened reality of the young man he once was and his recollections of the Lebanese War as well as the infamous Sabra and Shatila Massacres.

As arresting as *The Deer Hunter*, this truly unique production offers us a chance to literally visualize, what is most powerful about documentaries, that is, the human condition. Elegantly animated by Yoni Goodman, *Waltz with Bashir* contains expressionistic sequences that powerfully convey the traumatic experiences of Folman and his unit. It is this feature that is central to the success of *Waltz with Bashir*. More precisely this documentary offers the viewer a level of intimacy that is (arguably) unobtainable in a live-action doco. Animation is such a personable medium. It generally doesn't have visibly recognizable barriers of race or culture that may distract or distance viewers foreign to the country of origin. However, while saying this, a certain degree of culture, geography and ethnicity does penetrate the homogeneity. The result is essentially a humanistic product. Another feature is the potential animation has to educate. Animation is a very good medium. From Disney to *Deathnote*, it crosses global barriers and has been used for years to teach and more



importantly, entertain. This is another key factor behind the success of this film. When used to educate, *Waltz with Bashir* is very easy to empathize with. While the subject matter may be unknown to some, it is still quite entrancing. This is due to the fact that *Waltz with Bashir* is not a political movie. While we never see the atrocities from a Palestinian perspective, we do however, see a story that is not concerned by politics. And unlike Saturday morning cartoons these 'characters' on screen, have deep and vivid scars of the flesh and mind. Some might compare this to *Persepolis*. In form alone, many of the same boxes are checked. The difference, however, is that *Waltz* is concerned by the 'here and now'. It does not just visually assess how we got where we are today, but says with haunting irony, this *is* how we are today. The irony extends somewhat further. The saddest and scariest thing of all is that this is not a cartoon, but real life.

5/5

Thomas Glaister

Funny Games (TBC)

Commences Sept 11

When two guys wearing white gloves ask to borrow eggs. Violence ensues... but mostly boredom.

Funny Games is director Michael Haneke's faithful shot by shot Western remake of the 1997 German film with the same name that he also directed. In *Funny Games* Anna (Naomi Watts), George (Tim Roth), and their son Georgie head up to their river front house on Long Island for a vacation. Two polite young men named Paul and Peter (Michael Pitt and Brady Corbet) knock on the door the next day asking to borrow some eggs. Soon the polite requests become progressively more imposing and eventually they are asked to leave. At that point the behaviour of the two shifts, as they strike out at George with a golf club and take the family hostage. The two politely mannered sociopaths state their bet: that by 9 o'clock tomorrow the whole family will be dead.

The premise of the film is more or less that violence is entertaining. This is why the villains do it, and this is why you're watching it. The film deliberately attributes no motive to the villains than entertainment, mocks the cliché that there is some childhood trauma that can be associated as the cause of violent behaviour, and even jests directly at the audience "You want a real ending with plausible plot development, don't you?" In fact the film really is a bit of an art house mind game with the audience intending to tease your expectations of such a film.

The film also explores how ill equipped the average person is at dealing with violence, or chaos, both on a physical, mental and emotional level. Especially when there is no seeming reason or purpose or goal behind it that can be understood or negotiated over. Naomi Watts and Tim Roth do an excellent job of playing the distressed and traumatized family. But how much can we the audience actually relate to them as



victims? Well not a lot.. although again - that is part of the point of the film!

However, unlike your regular psychopath films, such as 'Saw,' 'Scream,' or 'Phone booth' (where there is some challenge, drama, suspense, or struggle occurring), most of the film revolves around the family tied up whilst the sociopaths ask where the food is, watch television, and generally aggravate the family by talking crap, whilst insisting on maintaining a façade of manners. With no challenge issued and minimal opportunities given by the seemingly invincible captors, most of the time you are waiting for something to happen. As a result, in many situations, the film carries the dragged out boredom of an experimental 'Gus Van Sant' film such as *Last Days*. The sort of boredom that can put a person to sleep...

All up, the film is unique and if you can appreciate that it is in itself a disturbing experimental play with the audience you will enjoy aspects of it. But balancing this out is the overwhelming boredom. If you can appreciate the former, it will mitigate the later. It is the sort of film that you definitely should see it at some point simply to know what people are talking about, but perhaps you should just wait and rent it on DVD. Paradoxically, for a film making a point that violence is entertaining, the film wasn't really entertaining.

3/5

Michael Hill

Where in the World is Osama Bin Laden (M)

Now Showing

Filmmaker Morgan Spurlock (*Super Size Me*) mixes a light hearted "I'm just a good ole American country boy" with "Lone American Super Hero" to make a video game tongue-in-cheek look at finding *Where in the World is Osama Bin Laden*.

Using the cliché from American action movies i.e. all complex international/domestic problems can be solved by one lone vigilante, Spurlock decides to go it alone (like Rambo), against all odds, in search of the world's most dangerous man. As part of the subplot, as his wife is in the first trimester of pregnancy, he aims to find out how safe the world will be for his yet unborn child. This "noble" quest is amped up by cartoons, musical numbers and video game graphics of escalating international "levels" of difficulty in Egypt, Palestinian Territories, Israel, Saudi Arabia, Afghanistan and finally Pakistan.

This type of approach is not going to provide much in terms of measured meaningful research with a somewhat hokey and culturally biased perspective. Nevertheless, it does offer a strong visual opening into the lifestyle, hearts and minds of the people in the above mentioned countries contrasted against filmmaker Spurlock's American culture and it's strength is that it puts a human face to strangers in strange lands.



If this whets your appetite for a more in depth study of this hot-bed arena, check out the following:

- the three part BBC documentary *The Power of Nightmares* regards the fear mongering co-dependency of Islamic fundamentalism and American neo-conservatism,
- the 2007 Oscar nominated documentary *No End in Sight* for Bush administration's To Do list of "how not to mess up" after 911 but still mess up anyway,
- the 2007 Cannes Film Jury Prize winner animated film, *Persepolis* based on Marjane Satrapi's graphic novel for a personal and comical perspective of Islamic fundamentalism.

3/5

Eddie Crismani

Harold & Kumar: Escape from Guantanamo Bay (MA15+)

Now Showing

Not only does this latest Roidy 'n' Kumar ("Kumar"... is that spelt with like two Us and like five Os?) escapade cross the line, it goes back and chucks up all over it. It's almost not worth giving a synopsis. The not-so-original odd couple Harold (John Cho) and Kumar (Kal Penn) are apprehended on a flight to Amsterdam, in search of the hot chick from the first film. After Kumar's "smokeless bong" is mistaken for a "poisonous bomb" the two are whisked away to Guantanamo Bay. A lucky break saves the two from possibly the worst standard operating procedure in the book. That is, the dreaded "cock-meat sandwich". It also allows them to escape. In epic fashion the two must venture across America in search of something that makes it all good again so they can get girls and some chronic.

Like its horde of predecessors, this stoner adventure offers nothing new in terms of structure (surprise, surprise!). What it does achieve, however, is a new level of offense. I honestly haven't cringed in a movie as much since *Borat*. Well, that isn't actually quite right. I was too busy laughing at the sheer audacity of it all. However, if you are of a somewhat sensitive disposition you have been warned! Absolutely nothing is spared. Jews, Asians, African-Americans, Cubans, Indians and Afghans all find a place in *H&K*. Yet, one is prized competition above the rest. That is, the conservative white man, the modern-day comedic buffalo of the silver screen. Much unfounded anger and criticism written into the script is clearly directed towards the American everyman. This is a voice that clearly does not resonate beyond the cardboard box from whence it came.



Fans of the first will enjoy a smattering of the ridiculous. Neil Patrick Harris returns promising to quote unquote "rock out with his cock out". One particularly perverse scene sees him finishing off a ridiculous amount of 'shrooms' in order to escape police arrest. The result involves a unicorn and a slightly horny CIA agent. Of course there is a ridiculous amount of drugs taken. My personal favourite was weed laced with blow (apparently favoured by President Bush because "it keeps you up"). There are also a variety of other oddities: techno savvy hillbillies, cyclops children, no pants parties (involving about 30 bottomless female models), the Ku Klux Klan and Tits Hemingway (played by porn star Echo Valley) whose impressive CV lists such favourites as *Tittanic*, *Juggernauts 3* and *M.i.l.t.f 27* and an even more impressive (ahem) 65NN cup size.

Comedies of this nature have come a fair way since *American Pie*. *H&K* pushes the envelope somewhat further. Despite the tired, old, used plot I was reasonably entertained. In the eternal words of Kumar "it gonna be exactly like *Eurotrip*, only it's not gonna suck!"

3/5

Thomas Glaister

Persepolis (PG)

Now Showing

Persepolis is based on the life and comic books of Marjane Satrapi. Marjane grew up in Tehran in the 70s and 80s when the Islamic leadership brought war upon the country and took away people's freedom. The story begins with eight year old Marjane being thrilled and captivated by stories of her family's rebellion against the corrupt government. Swept up in rebellion, Marjane took it upon herself to correct her teachers about the corrupt and brainwashing government. But as lifestyle restrictions heightened, Marjane's outspoken attitude became dangerous and so her parents shipped her off to Vienna. In Iran alcohol and public displays of affection were banned, rioters were shot and armed police patrolled the streets arresting and beating at will. Vienna was all about sex, drugs and rock and roll. As Marjane grew older she smoked pot, got drunk and had sex. Europe had all the freedom that Iran lacked, but it was taken for granted; people died in the streets in Vienna and no one cared. Marjane's loneliness and poverty eventually brought her back to Iran. Her scars and depression from Austria came home with her and she made stupid choices but she regained confidence to push on.

My first fear was that *Persepolis* was going to be another depressing movie about war that would leave me feeling bitter about the mundane problems of my life. It was much more. In Vienna people



took freedom, love and life for granted. People seemed to prefer to be depressed. In Iran, racism, corruption or sexism seemed to inspire people to fight rather than surrender.

The animation is simple and beautiful; the opening credits are breathtaking. The strong plot is complimented by the simple style of the animation. Wars, riots and violence are done in silhouettes, rendering the victims and killers anonymous; showing that war is both blind and pointless. Islamic war stories are in the media so often that we have become desensitised to them and ignore them, but the innocence of the animated characters of *Persepolis* lowers your guard so that you can appreciate the tragedy and the triumphs that the film presents.

4/5

Erin Cutts

Literature

Editors: Connor O'Brien & Alicia Moraw

Down and Out and Rising an interview with Tony O'Neill

by Connor O'Brien

Tony O'Neill has seen and experienced some pretty 'fucked-up shit'. During the late 1990s, while playing with musical outfits as notorious as Kenickie, Marc Almond, and the Brian Jonestown Massacre, O'Neill rapidly made his way through a lengthy check-list of rock 'n roll excesses: drug addiction (heroin and crack cocaine), petty theft (check), nervous breakdown (check), unsuccessful attempt at porn acting (check), brief inebriated encounter with the Russian Mafia (check).

Viewed from one angle, O'Neill's life seems a rollicking farce; viewed from another angle, a nightmare. O'Neill's first semi-autobiographic novel, *Digging the Vein*, was published in 2006 through independent publisher Contemporary Press, and has become the very definition of 'underground classic'. *Digging the Vein*'s 'spiritual sequel', *Down and Out on Murder Mile*, will be published by Harper Perennial in late October.

It is a rare thing to come across a novelist able to write about drugs honestly and without pretension. The majority of 'drug novels' either revel in gritty hard drug culture (Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, or Irvine Welsh's *Trainspotting*) or else function as hysterical anti-drug propaganda (*Go Ask Alice*). O'Neill, on the other hand, refuses to preach against heroin, just as he refuses to glamorise the substance, and for this reason his stories and poems make addiction intelligible. For anyone who asks of addicts, "How the fuck could they get themselves into such a mess?" O'Neill's novels are the addict's highly-eloquent and very humorous reply.

I spoke to O'Neill about his upcoming *Down and Out on Murder Mile*.

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

TONY O'NEILL

DOWN AND OUT ON MURDER MILE

"Tony O'Neill writes like a man with his tongue in a light socket and his toe in a puddle of spilled blood. I f*cking loved this book!"

— Jerry Stahl, author of Permanent Midnight

CONOR O'BRIEN

P.S.
INSIGHTS,
INTERVIEWS
& MORE...

CONNOR O'BRIEN: On the cover of your upcoming novel *Down and Out on Murder Mile*, there is a blurb from Sam Jordison from the Guardian calling you, "a man who has taken the term 'rock'n'roll poet' to its furthest edges." What is a 'rock and roll poet'? Are you a 'rock and roll poet'?

TONY O'NEILL: Well, it has quite a nice ring to it, doesn't it? Gives you the impression that I sit around writing poems and trashing hotel rooms when I get bored... I gotta tell you, I don't really know what a 'rock and roll poet' is. It's something that got said, and it looked good, so we stuck it on the cover. Do I consider myself a 'rock and roll poet'? No. I'm just a guy who writes. I'm not precious about poetry. A lot of people take themselves very seriously when they write poetry. As if poetry is this precious fragile thing that has a capital P and has to be written and read in a state of extreme reverence. I don't think that. That kind of attitude turns me off completely. But should poetry have some of rock and roll's energy and aggression? Sure. I listen to a lot of music when I write. I am influenced by music in how I write. What I'm listening to definitely does seep into my writing and how I express myself.

C: You used to be in the Brian Jonestown Massacre for a while. I don't know if that annoys you, people bringing that up. Are you in any bands right now? What bands do you listen to when you are writing?

T: No, that doesn't bother me at all. I mean I find it funny. I wrote about in my first book because it was a funny story, and just a catalogue of druggy incompetence. But most of what I remember of it was more to do with the drugs we were taking than the music we played. I mean we barely played music. We spent most of our time just sitting around getting high and talking about playing music.

I'm not in any bands right now. I just don't have that drive to play music. I wouldn't want to be in a band at the moment. There comes a point in your life when you realize that you are never going to write a song as perfect and beautiful as "Sad Song" by Lou Reed, or "When You Sleep" by My Bloody Valentine, and then - well, why bother? There's enough mediocre musicians in the world, I don't need to be another one. I mean I put a lot of dedication and thought into what I do - whatever I do, whether it be making music, shooting heroin, writing books, tying my shoelaces, whatever. I put as much dedication into it as I do into breathing. So when something isn't working anymore - it's gone.



I listen to a lot of different sounds when I write. I don't tend to listen to stuff that I can hear the lyrics too well on otherwise I find myself listening and not typing. So either instrumental stuff like Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman, King Tubby, or just intense noise like My Bloody Valentine or the Jesus and Mary Chain. Bad Brains, Neu, David Bowie's "Low"... that kind of stuff.

C: "Down and Out On Murder Mile" is due on October 28th. Are you excited about that? How are you going to celebrate the launch?

T: *Down and out on Murder Mile* is a continuation of what I was doing with *Digging the Vein*. It's based upon the period that I left Los Angeles and moved to London. It's the story of my second marriage, to a woman who was also a heroin addict. Murder Mile is a stretch in East London where they had more shooting per capita than Johannesburg. That's where we lived, and that's where the drugs and the methadone clinic were. It's also the first thing I have written which touches upon how I quit heroin, what my motivations for doing that were... it's certainly the most "naked" thing I have ever written.

It's a more hopeful book than *Digging the Vein*, and I'm really pleased with how it came out. I mean the fact that it got picked up by Harper Perennial is amazing. After the call came, there was a long period where I just couldn't believe it was happening. I don't really consider myself a mainstream writer, so partly my reaction was "are they mad?" But Perennial in the states are run by a very smart, literate woman called Carrie Kania, and she is somehow managing to balance running a business with having good taste. I mean they just picked up a real literary hero of mine, Dan Fante. They signed Dennis Cooper. They have people like Sebastian Horsley, a man who claims to have fucked over 10,000 prostitutes and once had himself crucified in the Philippines. They had a New York Times bestseller from Josh Kilmer Purcell who was writing about his time as a drag queen in New York, and his affair with a rich crack head. They're taking risks, and I love that.

Well, when the book comes out there will be a lot of alcohol consumed, I can promise that. But you know my head is on the next one. I'm just writing, writing, writing. I'm doing a book of short stories for the French at the moment, a new house called 13th Note Press. I can't assume that anything will change because my book came out on Harper Perennial. I just have to keep writing what I want to write and hoping that people are gonna want to read it.

C: Do you have enough material for a 'sequel to the sequel' of *Digging the Vein* or are you moving in a different direction with the short stories you are working on?

T: Oh yes. I mean a good period of using heroin and you'll save up enough stories to last a lifetime. A lot of shit tends to happen to you when you're living that lifestyle... but a lot of my newer stories are not autobiographical. They inhabit the same "world" as stuff like *Digging the Vein*, but they are fictional. Some of the stuff gets absurd and surreal. The subject matter varies, one called "Balls" is about a guy who gets drugged and castrated by a prostitute. He survives, although he hasn't got any balls anymore. He ends up churning out bestselling

novels. Another, "Bill Bailey" is about a guy who picks up a girl at a bar, and gets roped into killing her neighbor's dog because it barks too much. I wrote a story about a guy who steals a suitcase for drug money, and when he opens it finds a child's penis and dismembered fingers inside of it.

After *Down and Out on Murder Mile*, I think I might stay away from another book about my own life for now. I'm working on a totally fictional novel that's too early on to really talk about. Co-writing *Hero of the Underground* really gave me a sense of freedom about what subject matter I could tackle. I mean, that book is about drugs, but it's also about fame, and the world of pro football. Before I started writing the book I had never even *seen* a game of pro football, not even on TV. I mean I am not a sports guy. But being able to learn about that and (I feel) write about it in a convincing way really showed me that there was no subject matter that was off limits anymore.

Except chick lit.

C: The fictional 'world' that you are creating for your short stories seems simultaneously very funny and very violent. What 'draws you' to writing about absurd acts of violence? Can violence be 'funny'?

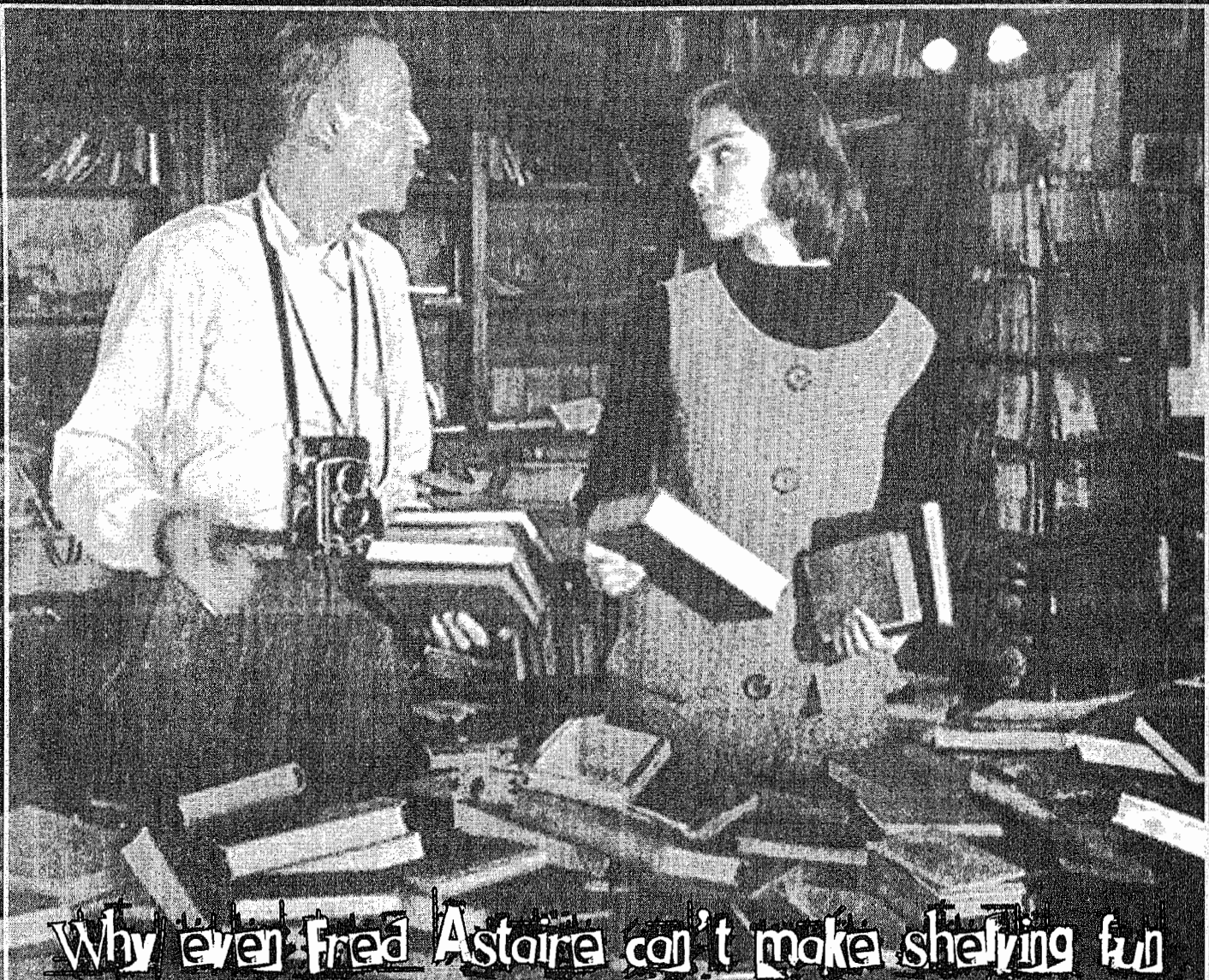
T: Well, I write what I know. The world is full of absurd acts of violence; we live in a violent world. I am an angry person. The world makes me angry. Elections make me angry, and the laws make me angry, and that's what I write out of. A mix of anger, and the confusing urge to laugh at it all.

When I was seven I saw what was probably the funniest and darkest thing I have ever seen. There was an English comedian called Tommy Cooper. He was on a live broadcast, one of those variety show type things that would be on TV on Saturday evening in England in the 1980's. So the curtain goes up. He does a few routines, and gets laughs. Then he goes through this very intense preparation for something. His thing is that he wears a fez; you know those little red hats with the tassels. So he adjusts his fez, his collar, basically he's getting ready for something. It goes on for a while, and the anticipation is building. There are giggles. What is he going to do next? He walks to the front of the stage. He opens his arms to the audience. Stands perfectly still. And then he falls back, perfect pratfall, bam! Onto the floor. It's so strange and absurd that everybody bursts out laughing. The curtain goes down, and everybody thinks it's the funniest shit they've ever seen. So weird and unexpected. Later they announce that he'd had a heart attack and died. So we all watched him die, and not only that, we laughed at him as he died. I suppose that's the kind of feeling I want to evoke in my writing. An uncomfortable collusion. We're laughing, or smiling, or just getting a hard on over what we're reading, but we're not sure if we should do.

I hope that made some sense to you. But yes, violence can be funny. I mean anything can be funny, it depends how you present it. So that's one side of my writing. The other side, I suppose, is about exposing myself, my guts, letting people take a peek inside. I write about my past a lot because I am still trying to make sense of it, and come to terms with it. There is a lot of darkness inside of me, and getting clean from drugs did nothing to lighten it. Hubert Selby Jr, one of my favorite authors, once said something like: "When you quit dope, that's when you realize just how dark you really are..." and it's something that rings very true for me. So I guess I've moved on a little from trying to make sense of my past, to trying to make sense of the person I see in the mirror. Now I have to think about "what made me want to inject heroin and cocaine into myself 7, 8, 9, 10 times day for years and years?"

There are a lot of writers right now, young writers, and the scene is really thriving. And sometimes we all get banded together, as if by fluke of geography or age we are somehow a gang. But for me, the writers I really feel affinity with are the ones who are obviously fucked up and they are trying to make sense of the world.

Those are the ones who speak to me. The fucking maniacs.



Why ever Fred Astaire can't make shelving fun

There is a specific time of the month when I try to avoid coming to work: New Release Week. I hate New Release Week with a passion. I mean, don't get me wrong, I love seeing all the new books and getting to read all the ones that I've been waiting for, but I do hate, and I mean *hate* shelving. I do believe that I have mentioned my immense dislike of shelving at Christmas time in a previous column. Well the months leading up to Christmas are just as bad. I've calculated that for the September New Release Week, I will have shelved around 5000 books. No wonder my nightmares about the never ending pile of books to shelve have begun.

What I find extremely annoying are the constant interruptions by customers at this time of the month. There are times when I've got a huge pile of books in my arms, such a big pile that I can't see over the top, and a customer says "excuse me, are you busy?" No, I'm not busy at all; I'm carrying this pile of books in my arms and bumping into shelves for the fun of it. I understand that they would like some help, but for Christ's sake. Half the time this happens when there is someone at the counter who is available to help and there is NO LINE! It's not saving them any time by asking me because I have to think about the enquiry and then I have to put my books down and I have to go to the counter anyway to look up the book because I don't know EVERYTHING that we stock. It amazes me that customers believe that you know every book in the store, especially considering the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of them. But I've gone off on a tangent.

...Bookshop Speak

by Alicia Moraw

Shelving is insane. People who don't work in a bookstore don't seem to realise that it is hard work. While, yes, it is easy to put books on a shelf at home, in a store you have to make sure it goes into the right category, the right shelf, and in alphabetical order (if that is how it is organised). It's time consuming and while easy work (because most people know their alphabet) it does take awhile to get into the swing of things. And to do it fast, like me, you have to have high energy and a great deal of knowledge of where the sections of the store are, because you're going from one area to another with a pile of books for different areas as sorting them into piles for each section is just as time consuming. Believe me, after working in the store for five years, you'll have tried everything possible to shorten shelving.

Sorry, I exaggerate a bit. I don't mind shelving all the time. I actually do enjoy it sometimes, when it's quiet and there are only twenty boxes delivered all day and I haven't got that pressure to shelve hundreds of books by 2pm or I don't have customers always coming up to me when I've got a pile of 20 books in my arms. On those days I like shelving. I can tidy and reorganise, get lost in my thoughts and just relax. But with Christmas only three months away, those times are now few and far between. So keep an eye out for those of us shelving. And don't even contemplate asking us for help if we've got a pile of books in our arms - because YES we are busy!

Somnambulist

by Amelia Walker

I dreamed I woke up and everything was as it should be;

I didn't swear because I hadn't slept through my alarm, nor did I bruise my shins when I didn't stumble over the seven half-dressed circus performers my housemates had not said could crash on the floor;

the kitchen was nothing like Guernica.

An un-smelly man on the train I didn't miss wasn't bearing his non-yellowed teeth as he didn't feel me up; no sense of being strangled by the not unbroken silence of all the un/in/different people not not speaking to one another.

When I opened my newspaper the first thing I didn't see was a small girl loading a gun; my mind wasn't curdling with thoughts of all the ordinary people who hadn't been locked up; it was not World War III.

Then just when I didn't realise
I was not about to meet uncertain death

I woke up...

Zwanzig

by Joel Parsons

[We got this email from Joel: 'I had a revelation while I was in the bath. I want to write poems. I wrote this poem (attached) a while back. I am 20 today, and was reflecting on it. Maybe you guys would like to publish it...or whatever.']

You exist in a captivating world
Where the only certainty is the fragility
Of your ephemeral existence.
Thus wonder, what is to be done?

When you have faded what will stand?
Will your memory sonorously reach the corners of a mind?
Or will it matter not, as sand and dust pass over an
Inevitably cold, tender, and beautiful composure?



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VISUAL ARTS

THE CONSPIRACY OF ART: A BOOK REVIEW WITH BIG WORDS

When Jean Baudrillard was adopted into the art world after his 1983 publication, 'Simulations and Simulacra', the world succumbed to a kind of Baudrillard-mania. He held a post with the prestigious *Artforum* magazine and his talks were suddenly booked out months in advance. 'Simulations and Simulacra' was heavily referenced in *The Matrix*, and it is said that Baudrillard, himself, was inspiration for *The Matrix's* lead character, Neo. Baudrillard by no means thought of himself as an arts critic or aficionado, however, and maintained a cool detachment from art in general.

When he first published the paper 'The Conspiracy of Art' in 1996, however, the response was one of utter shock and betrayal. The scandal was rich and the talk was critical. So what did Baudrillard write that incited such a bitter response from the international art community?

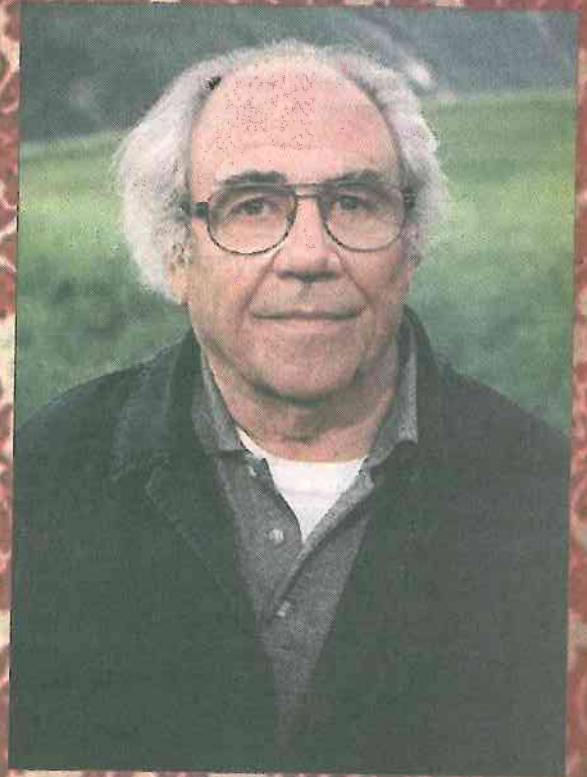
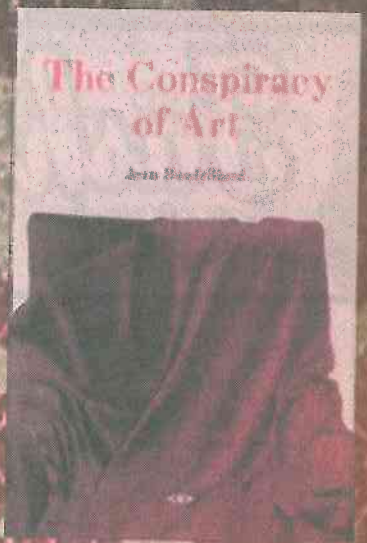
Like Arthur Danto, who wrote famously on the 'end of art' (met with an equally suspicious response), Baudrillard came to the conclusion and declaration that art had become "null": worthless, dead and obsolete. But is this a bad thing? And is it true? "Contemporary art has lost the desire for illusion", Baudrillard writes, "what could art possibly mean in a world that has already become hyperrealist, cool, transparent, marketable?"

The Conspiracy of Art was published in 2006 as a book of manifestos, interviews and essays. With chapters covering aesthetic values, illusion and disillusion, the 'violence of indifference' and war as the new reality TV, *The Conspiracy of Art* is a chilling, if not speculative, look at contemporary culture and social values. The blurring of reality and virtuality, as we have since seen explored in the likes of *The Truman Show*, *The Matrix*, *Minority Report* and *Mulholland Drive*, is seen as creating a simulated society, no longer connected to the reality from which it once derived. For art, Baudrillard theorises, this resulted in a loss of singularity and unpredictability. "Art now offers career benefits, rewarding investments, glorified consumer products, just like any other occupation" and, indeed, art had become a part of that same simulated society from which it was borne. According to Baudrillard, art became a critique of the very system that promoted it which, shallow in itself, led to a further shallowness or 'nullity' of art in general. "Critique has become a mirage of critique, a counter-discourse immanent to consumption, the way Pop Art's 'cool smile' was no different from commercial complicity".

In Baudrillard's view, this nullity was worse than nothing as it meant nothing and yet somehow continued to exist, thus providing itself with a reason to exist. In doing so, it became impossible to put forth any critical judgment on art, leaving room only for "an amiable, necessarily genial sharing of nullity".

Today, Baudrillard is discussed more critically within the philosophical and social sciences than part of a contemporary art discourse. His writings are seen as speculative and sweeping, but still form an interesting basis for debate and contemplation. Regardless of whether *The Conspiracy of Art* is little more than conspiracy theory in itself, Jean Baudrillard offers readers a different and intriguing approach to thinking about art and society, popular culture and global media.

Lauren Sutter



Photograph: Jean Baudrillard - New York (1997)



Fashion

with Jenifer Vargaly

On Campus Fashion Trends and Tragedies

by guest contributor Mercedes Whibley

I was walking around campus the other day, and I started to notice that quite a few fashion trends have cropped up this winter. Now some of these trends look really good, and I committed them to memory for the next time I'm at the shop with money to spare, and no idea what to buy (which doesn't happen often, mind you!). These trends make me proud to be at the University of Adelaide (I have always prided myself on being at the University with the most stylish students), and are sometimes the only interesting part of my day! On the other hand, there are some truly terrible ones that make me cringe and wonder if the person had access to light when they dressed themselves. I've summed up the main offenders from both categories into tidy dot points:



The Good

- **Layering:** I just can't seem to get enough of it this winter! It's easy, interesting, and turns one item of clothing into so many different looks. Belted dresses over long-sleeved tops and leggings... high-waisted skirts over cute shirts... jeans tucked into boots... long coats over short dresses and tights... long, intricate necklaces over classic tops... it's not hard to deduct that this is my favourite trend this winter. And I can get lots of inspiration from my fellow students, as it seems that every fashionista around campus has taken this trend up with a vengeance!
- **Oversized, expensive handbags:** more and more girls seem to be bringing large, designer handbags to University, and it's making me insanely jealous. I have stopped trying to keep count of the amount of Mimco Mod Button handbags (retailing at about \$450) that I have seen, and brands like Calvin Klein, Louis Vuitton and Gucci aren't far behind. Handbags are an essential part of a woman's wardrobe, and I love that girls are showing off their fashionable designer pieces at Uni, instead of saving them solely for special occasions. Not only can they conveniently carry lots of Uni books, as well as purses, phones, scarves etc, but they look damn good too!
- **Boots of all varieties:** whether they are ankle, calf or knee high, boots generally look good, and are out in full force on campus this winter. They instantly dress an outfit up, as well as making your legs look longer and thinner, and keeping your feet warm. What more could you want in a fashion accessory??
- **Leather jackets:** no, I'm not talking about biker style jackets complete with patches and zips, but the sleek, sophisticated leather jackets I have seen sported around campus lately. I especially love when they are teamed with a floaty, girly top underneath... the contrast looks incredible. Any of these jackets in tan always have me drooling. They may be quite expensive, but as a friend of mine justified the purchase of her new jacket, they are an 'investment'. And a very good one, at that.
- **Individuality:** every once in a while a person walks past me who makes me literally stop in my tracks in awe of what they are wearing. They are perfectly put together, wearing carefully selected clothes, and look completely different from everyone else. And it's this individuality that is inherently fashionable. From girls wearing kooky necklaces shaped like Cinderella's pumpkin coach complete with horses, to vintage dresses straight from the 1960s, to patterned tights underneath boots hand-stitched with flowers, the examples are endless. This uniqueness, even if it is only one unusual piece, is the essence of interesting fashion, and turns heads around campus every time.



The Bad

- **Fluro Wayfarers:** a couple of my friends alerted me to this fashion trend the other day. They think that there are a worryingly large amount of people wearing them in the middle of winter, and I tend to agree. Not only is the fluro trend well and truly over (thank God, I'm sure lots of people are thinking!), but they remind me way too much of Corey Delaney for my liking. And this trend has only been exacerbated by those students, most of which are guys (sorry boys, but it's true), who wear them on the *back* of their heads. I mean, what is the point? Sunnies placed on the top of the head are there - most of the time - for convenience. I don't see how reaching back and pulling them over your entire head is convenient. Plus you look like a dick. Sorry, but it's true.
- **Trackies:** they should never be worn out of the house, in my opinion. They're ugly, unflattering and just plain un-fashionable... especially when teamed with 'ugh!' boots and a Year 12 jumper. There really are alarming amounts of people who perpetuate this trend around campus every day. I understand the need to be comfortable and warm, especially in winter, but can't these people put in just a little bit of effort? I know that fashion isn't for everybody, but it just doesn't even look close to appealing. I even saw one student wearing his trackies with a pair of thongs, which to me just screams 'daggy'... but maybe he was just over-excited about spring, who knows?
- **Too much black:** now I know that black is a sophisticated, slimming and easy-to-wear colour, but this winter I have noticed that it has been worn way too much. And in overwhelming amounts. I saw one student wearing black jeans, black boots, a black jumper and a black coat. Apart from making you look slightly creepy, it's just plain boring. Adding a bright scarf or handbag can make all the difference, especially because it will be highlighted against the black, making your signature piece 'pop'. This little bit of extra effort can take you from drab to fab!

And The Ugly

I want to give a special mention to the student I saw the other day wearing baggy three quarter pants with ankle socks and ballet flats. Full marks for bravery...but certainly not for fashion!

Campus Talk: Voicing Fashion Disasters

To follow on from this issue's theme of *Fashion Trends and Tragedies* we took to the campus to ask our fellow students what they thought of our on-campus fashions. The question of the day was:

What is the worst on-campus fashion disaster you have seen?

The students could not seem to get enough of this topic, people from all disciplines and faculties around campus expressed frustration, in some cases anger, and in others just a lot of laughter about what they thought was truly tragic around campus. Here are the comments we could fit in, thanks to all of the students who participated:

Jessica - I once saw a guy wearing a black cape and baggy pants (which were so baggy that they looked like a skirt). The outfit colours were all black and red and I think he thought he was a vampire.

Carly - That's easy, really short skirts.

Mia - A very low-cut top, high heels and a mini skirt.

Alex - A girl wearing furry boots that made her look like big foot.

Phil - A girl wearing a mini skirt with ugg boots.

Serene - Someone not wearing a bra, and the top did not leave much to the imagination.

Tom - Track pants and bed hair.

Jason - Inappropriate underwear exposure i.e. when a girl sits down in a lecture and you can see her underwear.

Borhan - Fat Mediterranean men wearing tight white or black bonds tops.

Enzo - Track pants with a matching tracksuit top.

Sally - A girl wearing a really short dress with a backpack, and the backpack caused the dress to ride up.

Jane - Definitely the guy in my tutorial last week that came wearing slippers.

Quick Poll:

To follow up the success of our fashion question, we also decided to poll students on whether they thought that University of Adelaide students were fashion conscious. The results are as follows:

73% of you said YES

27% of you said NO

Hopefully students can help to eliminate the fashion disasters and make our campus a fashion tragedy free zone moving into the future!

Jenifer Varzaly



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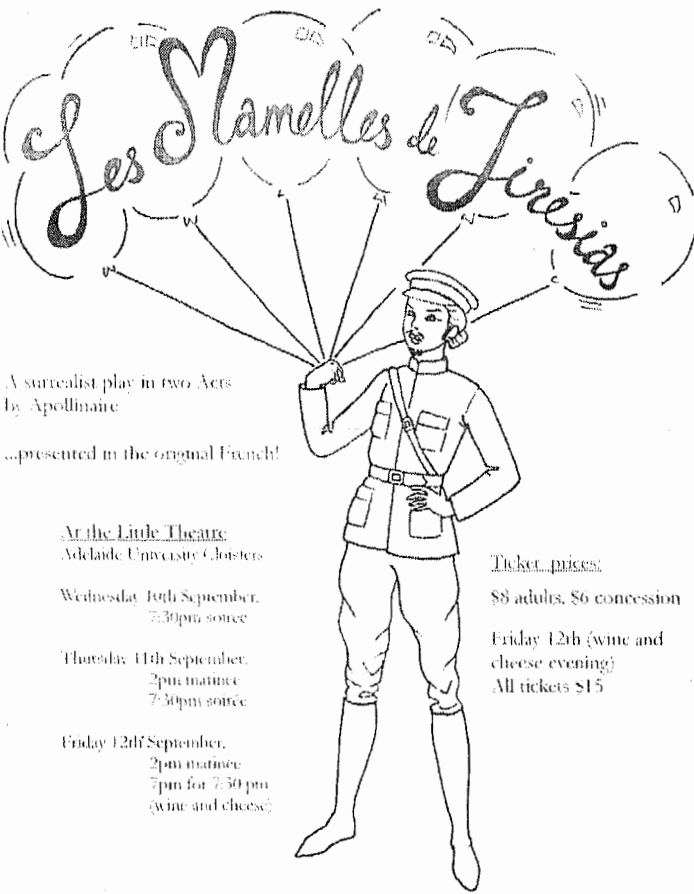
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2pm matinee
7:30pm source

Friday 12th September,
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Live Music

Gig Guide



Get out and support local and live music. On Dit says it's totally awesome!

Thursday 11 September

Cartoon Allstars
9pm, Jade Monkey

Mercy Arms
The Process
8pm, Edinburgh Castle Hotel, \$15

Monkey Box
8pm, Worldsend Hotel, free licensed all ages

The Pleasure of Books
Augustus Turtle
8pm, Grace Emily Hotel

Rip It Up 1000 Editions Party
The Shiny Brights
City Riots, The Transatlantics,
Alistair Cookie
8pm, Governor Hindmarsh Hotel, \$5

Friday 12 September

2h Project Charity Gig
God God Dammit Dammit
Dirt Playground, Station
6.30pm, Lizard Lounge, \$10

Antiskeptic
The Sundance Kids, Mad Shapes
9pm, Fowlers Live, \$12 (+ bf)

Colonel Kernel
9pm, Grace Emily Hotel

Fear in Dakota
9pm, Jade Monkey

Grafton Primary
Fire! Santa Rosa Fire!, Femme Fatales
9pm, Jive

Mammal
Poetikool Justice, Isle of Capri
Enigma Bar, \$15 (+ bf)
Tickets on sale: 31 July

The Waterslides
Zeta, Mona Lisa Overdrive
9pm, Rocket Bar

Transmission
10pm, Bull & Bear, \$5

Saturday 13 September

Against the Grain
Psychroptic
Blood Duster, Alchemist, Double Dragon, Picture the End, Truth Corroded, Dyscord, Diatribe, The Ocularis Infernum, Skintilla, State Of Integrity, A Red Dawn, Se Bon Kira, Asphyxia
8pm, Fowlers Live, \$30 (+ bf)

Ash Grunwald
The Last Town Chorus (USA)
8pm, Governor Hindmarsh Hotel, \$20

Gallows For Grace
Closed Casket, Thy Art is Murder
10.30pm, Enigma Bar,

Illicit Eye
Tracer
8pm, Grace Emily Hotel,

Legless
Luna Magnet Sound, Raven
9pm, Higher Ground Inc, \$10 (conc) - \$12 (at door)
licensed all ages

Shoji Hano (Japan)
Kris Wanders, Yusuke Akai
9pm, Jade Monkey

Tropical Warehouse Party
Shaolin Afronauts
Chris Gill
8pm, Rocket Bar

Sunday 14 September

Faker
Sparkadia, Snob Scrilla
8.30pm, HQ, \$30.40

Judas Priest (UK)
Cavalera Conspiracy (USA)
7pm, Adelaide Entertainment

Centre, Hindmarsh \$99 (+ bf) - \$149 (+ bf)

The Matches (USA)
Calerway, Amber Calling
7pm, Fowlers Live, \$29 (+ bf)
all ages

Nathan Hollywood
8pm, Grace Emily Hotel

Tuesday 16 September

Jeff Martin (Canada)
Jaimi Faulkner
9pm, Grace Emily Hotel

Wednesday 17 September

Pinky Beecroft & the White Russians
Jive, \$10 (+ bf) - \$15 (at door)

Thursday 18 September

Bob Brozman (USA)
Skip Sail
8pm, Governor Hindmarsh Hotel, \$25 (+ bf) - \$30

The JD Set
Galleon
Calerway, The Lazys
9pm, Fowlers Live, free

Friday 19 September

Emergenza International Band Competition
7pm, Fowlers Live

Josh Pyke
Firekites
9pm, Governor Hindmarsh Hotel,

Stolen Youth
Robotosaurus, The Brews, Can't Relate
8.30pm, Enigma Bar, \$6

Transmission LIVE!
10pm, Ed Castle, \$8 (\$5 after bands)

Saturday 20 September

The Pink Floyd Experience
7.15pm, Thebarton Theatre,
Torrensville \$79.90
all ages

The Transatlantics
8pm, Rocket Bar

Sunday 21 September

Emergenza International Band Competition
7pm, Fowlers Live

Thursday 25 September

Ceremony
Infection, Snake Run, Sledge Hammer
8pm, Enigma Bar

Core Driven
Flight 86, Charlie On Trial
9pm, Jade Monkey

Dukes of Windsor
9pm, Jive

National Campus Band Competition State Final
7.30pm, Governor Hindmarsh Hotel, free

Friday 26 September

Captains of Industry
9pm, Jade Monkey

Mission Control
8pm, Rocket Bar

Monkey Box
Incanadine
8pm, Holdfast Hotel, free licensed all ages

Triagra
9pm, Louisiana Tavern,
Elizabeth, SA, free


The War Room
Sarsekim
Imminent Psychosis, Locura
9pm, Enigma Bar, \$8

Saturday 27 September

Birds of Tokyo 7.30pm,
Governor Hindmarsh Hotel, \$27


Mad Shapes
Femme Fatales, Peacocks
9pm, Jive

LEADER CHEETAH: AN INTERVIEW WITH DAN CRANNITCH




I'm no indie connoisseur. Rather than search out the hidden gems, the fresh wonders, I am generally of the opinion that if something's worth listening to, it's only a matter of time until it's heard everywhere. Your lovely and oh-so-organised music editors send out a virtual heap of emails to their contributors every issue, full of bands they think are worth a review. Given that most of them are unknown local bands, I take a look but rarely find anything that truly captures my imagination. Given a few insistent emails though, I got the feeling that the editors wanted this band interviewed. So I had a listen.

Boy was I surprised. Let's just put it this way: Leader Cheetah are awesome. Their songs have enough variety to stop them getting on my nerves, yet retain a certain strength and unity that left me humming the melody long after the last note had faded. I had never done an interview before, but after spending an hour or so listening to their MySpace, I decided I would throw caution to the wind and request an interview with Dan Crannitch, the lead singer of Leader Cheetah.



I met Dan at the Exeter on a lazy Tuesday afternoon. Given that it was the music that had caught my attention, talk quickly turned to songwriting and the band's musical style. "We're essentially four guys with pretty different influences and stuff that we really like. But we do agree on certain elements of what makes a good song". When asked what these elements were, Dan was quick to emphasise melody, describing it as "the driving force".

Dan and his brother used to be in another band, Pharaohs, whose members went their separate ways in 2006. I had heard both bands, and was taken aback by the difference between the two. Dan began to discuss the reasons for his dissatisfaction with Pharaohs. "We were lumped into the scenster, hipster kinda scene, and I didn't wanna be part of that anymore. I wanted something broader, more timeless, as well as something anyone can listen to, something completely non-pretentious." It seems to be working. "We've had far more interest with Leader Cheetah than Pharaohs ever did". I asked how their softer sound translated on stage, whether it was harder to maintain people's attention in a pub environment, to which Dan promptly disagreed: "We're a rock band". He later mentioned that if I saw his brother Joel drumming live, that fact may become more evident.



When asked about influences, Dan reeled off a list, making the point that he appreciated classic songwriters. "We've been labeled as 1970s folk rock - which isn't bad, I love that music, but we try and put a fresh stamp on it. I don't see the point of doing an exact replica of something that's already been done." Dan paused, before reluctantly continuing. "As far as influences, I didn't wanna say it, but I guess Neil Young is a huge one. I often get told I sound like him. Right now I'm making a conscious effort with my voice to try and stop little accents creeping in. When you've grown up listening to it, it tends to happen. There was a natural inclination to sing in that style. It's kinda hard to get rid of that. At the moment I'm working on having my voice be a more honest reflection of me as a person. I heard this great saying the other day. It went something like: do not aspire to be the people you idolize, aspire to do what they did".

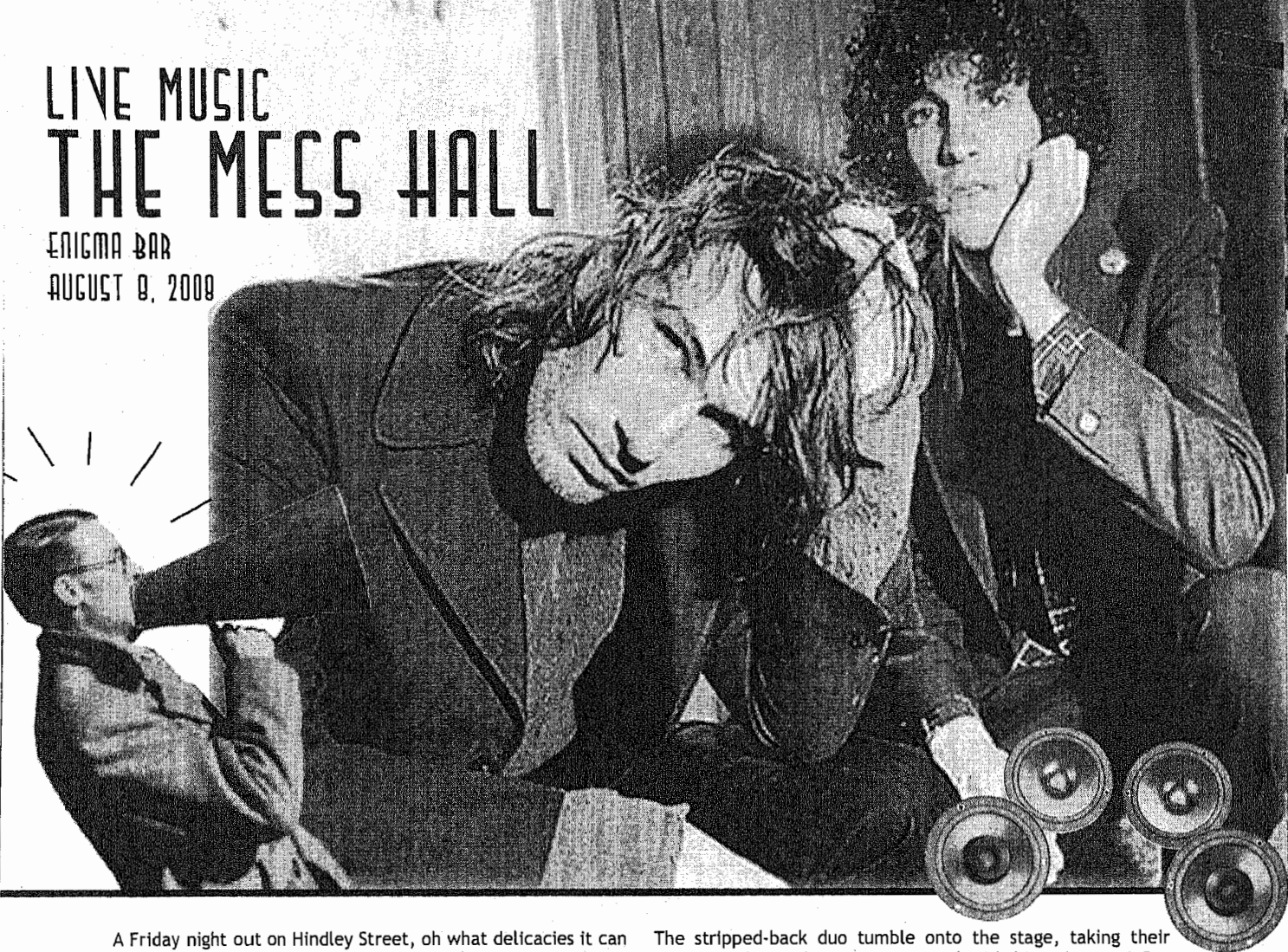
Needless to say, I was very impressed with Leader Cheetah, and cannot recommend them enough. Have a listen folks...

Where to hear them: By the time this is printed, Leader Cheetah won't have any upcoming Adelaide shows. But you can catch an acoustic podcast they recorded with Radio Adelaide (Friday Sessions on The Range) or visit their MySpace. Apart from their *Spiritual Action EP*, they also have a full length album, *The Sunspot Letters*, produced by legendary US producer Kramer, due out later this year.

Myriam Robin

LIVE MUSIC THE MESS HALL

ENIGMA BAR
AUGUST 8, 2008



A Friday night out on Hindley Street, oh what delicacies it can cook up for us. Tonight, we're on our way to Enigma Bar, keen to see The Mess Hall, on their third Adelaide show since the release of *Devil's Elbow*. The night's first support act, locals Mona Lisa Overdrive, take to the stage and launch into their delightfully abrasive garage rock. Playing songs like 'Poor Little Scene Girl', they give absolute definition to the phrase "tearing shit up". This is the Velvet Underground, The Doors, and The Sonics having a meth-fuelled orgy and kicking the fuck out of audience disinterest and antipathy. Neither of these traits are present in tonight's crowd (who dig the hell out of these guys), chaotically crashing the invisible border between dance-floor and bar with exuberance at the sight of this timeless young band. This is a speedball of strychnine and rock-n-roll presence; definitely a group you should check out, especially if you have a fondness for charmingly cluttered 60s cool.

Drawing the interest of a considerable crowd, the next support act, Adelaide comrades Lady Strangelove, go through their soundcheck before shooting into action. I've written about their music in reviews past, and they seem to get better every time I see them. One of my friends finds the band's unstructured sounds frustrating, but concedes that each element of the band is talented. Their set tonight is a lysergic cocktail of dynamite and an underground chemistry lab, and as their set progresses, their wall of noise grows and grows until it dissolves every one of our senses, tearing through our cellular structure like some subatomic bulldozer. The apocalyptic drums and grooving bass roll the songs forward, while Adelaide's most skull-fucking guitar riffs skate around the echoing, effected vocals. Soon, they finish, and we eagerly await the arrival of The Mess Hall.

The stripped-back duo tumble onto the stage, taking their places, Jed Kurzel at the mic stand with his guitar and Cec Condon at his drumkit, and kick off the night with 'Diddley', from *Notes From A Ceiling*. Rollicking through this song to rapturous applause, the pair then tears into a howling rendition of 'City Of Roses', a highlight from their current album and a song that gets everybody in a manic buzz. The best performance of the night is undoubtedly 'Disco 2', which animates the crowd with a dive-bomb of high voltage pounding. The chemistry between Jed and Cec creates a forceful, driving freefall of bluesy tunefulness, and everybody wants to get in on the ride; it is the simplicity of their music that makes it so brilliant live. Igniting the crowd towards the end of the set is 'Pills', with its ever-catchy riff and vocal hook, and then the band is suddenly playing 'Keep Walking', its crunchy rumbling riff and chattering snares and skins blaring through the amps. Building up the tension with the final bridge, tagging it with the line "Walking in 7/8 time" from 'City Of Roses', the band rips through the concluding chorus to drunken, worshipping cheers.

Trapped on stage by the immovable crowd, Jed and Cec begin a powerful encore, playing 'Lock And Load' from their pre-album EP, and 'Disco 1', providing a cool-as-fuck conclusion to the night. In short, The Mess Hall tore through a great gig. Once in a while you see a band that tears open your skull and makes a trail of rhythmic footprints that won't just walk on, they'll stamp their way into reminiscent oblivion. Their music makes me want to get in a beaten old muscle car and drunk-drive like a steel horseman from city to city, eyeballs torn open with stay-awake pills and bipolar disorder. See you next time they play.

Jimmy Gartner



Lamb Of God

Walk with me in Hell [DVD] Roadrunner Records

Walk with me in Hell is a look at Lamb of God touring in support of their latest album, *Sacrament*. You get insight into one of the most dysfunctional metal bands touring today. If you saw their last DVD *Killadelphia*, you'll know what to expect. From fights between band members to each member's different approach to gigs and recording, the DVD gives a good background to the band, showing just how dedicated they are to their music and fans.

The main disc is all about the tour and the insanity that plagues the band, as well as the bad luck. They frequently claim they are cursed and it would seem like they are. This DVD features footage of live sets, which is really something special. They are flawless on stage, and often the band talk about this. If they don't play a flawless set they feel they have let the fans down, which makes me feel special.

Tension from months of touring manifests itself in conflict and crazy events, all shown in this DVD, although portraying the band in a different light. Here, they are the big metal band, no longer a support act, but headlining massive events; this change is often discussed by band members.

The bonus disc is footage which was released with *Sacrament* as a special bonus disc, showing the making of the album, in-studio footage, behind-the-scenes song writing and everything that goes into their albums. As dysfunctional as this band is - and believe me it's very dysfunctional - they all come together to make some awesome music and these two discs concrete their place in the metal scene.

I do like Lamb of God and this DVD make me like them more. It shows the different approaches they all have, from Willie and Mark on guitar working out riffs to Chris's awesome drumming to Randy who pretty much drinks and screams. Fans should get this, sit back and watch their favorite band self destruct. But fear not, in the end they still come up with the goods.

Mr. Steed



Conor Oberst Conor Oberst Spunk

Yes, as the record label's name would suggest, Conor Oberst is a spunk, and a mightily talented one at that. His new self-titled album is pretty impressive. The man knows how to write a lyric and put it to a melody, like a fat kid knows how to assassinate a cake.

"Oh brother totem pole / I saw your legends lined up / and I never felt more natural / a part / I just came apart". The haunting 'Cape Canaveral' opens the album, and Conor's voice is dark, angry and honest. There's a rawness that makes you stop dead in your tracks and just stare into space, listening to him.

'Get-Well-Cards', is like an acoustic punk song with guitar solos, and a thrashing repeated line (*"he's gonna do it, he's gonna do it, he's gonna do it by hand!!!"*). It's the thinking person's punk song. I don't think it's important to know what Conor is singing about because the songs are personal to Conor himself. Just listen to it and appreciate that there is a songwriter out there who doesn't rhyme 'air' with 'care' - ughh, so revolting.

'Danny Callahan' has an uplifting, sad and beautiful melody, as does 'I don't want to die (in a hospital)' - this song is so damn brilliant. It sounds like something you'd hear at a barn dance, square - dancing away with Mary-Lou. The lyrics are genius: *"They don't let you smoke and you can't get drunk / all there is to watch is soap operas / I don't want to die in the hospital / you got to take me back outside"*. Sure, it's a bit creepy and morose but hey, why not?

As the album comes to a close, the songs are less acoustic and more CB and The Feeding Set. So if you're into early Dylan and late Elliot Smith, this is really the CD you need to get (in fact, I'm going to go as far as to say that Conor has major potential to be like the next Dylan). If you already love Bright Eyes... you know what to do.

Stamatina Hasiotis



Mates of State Re-arrange Us Barsuk Records

Melodic and so incredibly fun, Mates of State's fifth album will be a record reminiscent of 2008.

They've been solid contributors to the rock music scene since the late nineties, but we in Australia seem to have taken Mates of State into our hearts just recently with their *Re-arrange Us* album. It's weird they're just now getting airplay in Australia as they've continued in style from their last couple of their albums - I guess it's just because these tunes are super, super, super, duper catchy.

The married pop/rock duo know all about making you feel good. 'Get Better' kicks up its heels and runs with the feeling that everything's going to be okay *"everything's gonna get lighter, even if it doesn't get better."* Ohhh, sing-along lyrics - pop songs to love and have and hold, in car, in house, in shower: good echo required.

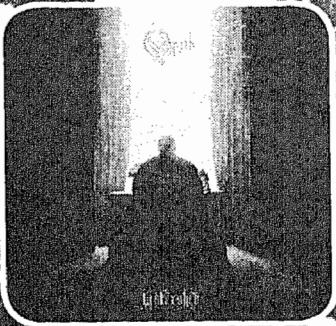
Another favourite that you'll most probably recognise as a Triple J high-rotator is 'The Rearranger'. This song takes pretty piano and rock ballad drumming into the chorus then layers bouncing piano, vocal harmonies and poignant shout-outs topped off with whoos and oohs - phew! It's a delight for the ears and the soul.

'Blue and Gold Print' - *"Go sing outside, as clouds raining spark the night. That's how we met. Was it the greatest day of this life?"* - is a love story song in which the poetic nature of Mates of State's lyrics become more eminent. Paired with harmonies, backed by slow but deliberate drumming and incorporating their gorgeous piano motifs; it's definitely a standout on the album and one of my personal favourites. It ends abruptly, leaving you hanging, like a lover's goodbye kiss.

'Lullaby Haze' takes out the album throwing together all of the album's best elements, tying together its story with rock piano and harmonies from the divine dub.

Mates of State have a defiant sound and as long as you're in the mood to be cheered and feel all warm and fuzzy inside, *Re-arrange Us* is an aurally enchanting album and most definitely awesome to bop along to.

Natty xx



**Opeth
Watershed
Roadrunner Records**

"Epic Masterpiece" reads the sticker stuck to my cover of *Watershed* and it's not too far from the truth. After more lineup changes the sound of the band has changed (perhaps only noticed by a trained ear) but, the core sound that makes Opeth what they are still exists. With acoustic classical guitar woven amongst shredding solos, brutal drumming and both haunting and aggressive vocals, *Watershed* is yet another album that won't be soon forgotten; spurring on the claim by many that Opeth has never released a bad album (a massive claim, and one that I personally agree with).

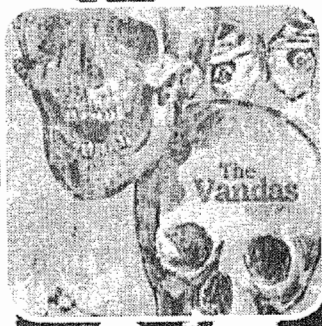
The range for which Opeth are so well known is evident from the very first track 'Coil'; starting with acoustic guitar persisting through the whole song: no metal, no death roars, no insane heart pumping drums. They even slip in some female vocals provided by Nathalie Lorichs, setting a subtle tone for this album.

Although not as heavy as some of the other releases by Opeth, *Watershed* certainly has everything in it that an Opeth fan—or any metal fan for that matter—would want from an album. Whilst they do have a new guitarist (Akeson of Arch Enemy fame) the tone of the music is still very Opeth: the typical call/response guitar solos still feature, all lyrics and music were written by Mikael Akerfeldt, with the exception of 'Porcelain Heart' written by both Akerfeldt and newcomer Akeson.

Opeth fans will love this album, and if you haven't gotten into Opeth and you like progressive metal, I strongly recommended you check them out. In *Watershed* they have released an album which will be in my rotation for a long time. Also, if you get the chance check them out live in Adelaide on the 14th October, they put on a great live show.

Parting trivia: Akeson dropped an ESP guitar endorsement to switch to PRS guitars, which is a good thing since Opeth have been well known as a PRS-playing band, and on the track 'Hessian Peel' there is a backwards recorded message of a line from Led Zeppelin's 'Stairway to Heaven'!

Mr. Steed



**The Vandas
Slow Burn
Liberation**

Slow Burn is the first full-length offering from The Vandas and it does not disappoint.

The country-rock atmosphere of the album cannot be called unique by any stretch of the imagination, with most songs containing identifiable influences such as Bob Dylan, The Rolling Stones, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Neil Young.

Despite this, the sound is still fresh and remarkably accomplished, which shouldn't really be surprising as The Vandas are just as comfortable playing in your local as they are opening for the likes of You Am I, The Drones and the Beasts of Bourbon. Also there's the Australian feel that the record has. Playing live is The Vandas' greatest strength so in order to try and recreate their sound, they chose to have their live mixer Justin Hermes engineer and record the album in their usual rehearsal studio.

The stand out track, 'Know It All', is to be the first single from the album: a three-chord stomp which you can't help but nod along to. The lyrics are delivered in a similar fashion to the vocals of Caleb Followill and have been compared to Dylan at his most cynical. This song is sure to strike a chord with any music fan.

The album contains a range of songs from the rockers, like the aforementioned 'Know It All', to the slower ballads giving it a well-rounded sound. David Bromley's cover-art provides a fitting sardonic visual aspect to the album.

In fact, my only criticism would be the lack of lyrics in the liner notes. These songs beg to be sung along to, and the right words would surely help. Demonstrating their loyalty to their fans, The Vandas also offer the option for those who purchase *Slow Burn* to download free bonus material from their website.

DK



**Kill Hannah
Until There's Nothing Left of Us
Roadrunner Records**

Ranging from dark and poetic to so-catchy-it-makes-you-want-to-go-out-and-dance (but only in one of those clubs that seem to exist in every vampire movie), Kill Hannah's *Until There's Nothing Left of Us* is easy to listen to, yet hard to define. The best genre I could come up with was goth-pop-rock, but that doesn't quite encapsulate what Kill Hannah sound like.

Their press release touts them as "the missing link between The Killers, The Cure, The Smashing Pumpkins, and My Chemical Romance". If you imagine mixing the music of all those bands together, along with an extra dash of eyeliner and a sprinkling of the 80's, the resulting sound would be something like Kill Hannah.

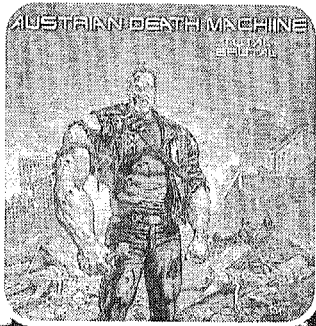
With a high nasal voice that at times sounds so much like Smashing Pumpkins vocalist, Billy Corgan: it's creepy, singer Mett Devine fuels the songs with a dark energy that leaves you thinking about the story being told, not just the words sung. Although his shrill voice took a bit getting used to, after a few listens I realised it is perfectly suited to the constantly changing vibe of the music.

Until There's Nothing Left of Us goes from rock-tinged guitars and drumming in 'Boys and Girls' and 'The Collapse' to a synth-pop beat in 'Kennedy' and 'The Song That Saved My Life'. The first single from the album, 'Lips Like Morphine', is a perfect combination of these two sounds, and is also extremely catchy.

The track '10 More Minutes With You' is in my opinion the highlight of the album; it has a darkwave feel to it and is just catchy enough to have you grooving along and wishing the song itself went for ten more minutes.

Kill Hannah have been called "the best band you've never heard of", so now that you have heard of them, I'd recommend picking up their album if you like any of the bands mentioned before.

Erin Veide



Austrian Death Machine
Total Brutal
Metal Blade Records

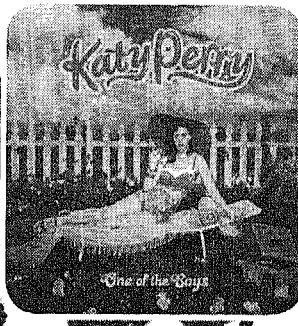
I am sure that all of you have heard of the band, As I Lay Dying, and I must admit that I am one of their biggest fans. After the band had achieved success with their third album (*An Ocean Between Us*), Tim Lambesis, the front man, spent more of his time writing for his solo career.

He has now created his first side project, Austrian Death Machine, which allows him an opportunity to play all the instruments himself. *Total Brutal* is a thrash-metal album and every song has a guitar solo. All of the lyrics are based on quotes from Arnold Schwarzenegger movies. However, not surprisingly, the real Arnold didn't actually sing on this CD. Tim has used his friend Chad Ackerman (vocalist from Destroy the Runner) to imitate the voice of Arnold, inspiring both of them to create a new character, Ahhhold.

The album features 17 tracks, almost half of them were the spoken-word "Ahhhold" tracks, the other half were screaming thrash metal. The lyrics themselves are funny, at times even laughable and they show us the crazy side of Tim.

If I had to pick my favorite song from this album, it would be track 15, 'If It Bleeds, We Can Kill It'. The song is fast and the tempo makes it sound ferocious. It also features the voice of Ahhhold as the character Dutch, from the movie *Predator*. I recommend 'Total Brutal' for every metal fan with a sense of humor. Besides, the lyrics are totally different from his work with As I Lay Dying.

A. Kittanya



Katy Perry
One of the Boys
EMI

I'm not usually one to listen to the latest pop-starlet stuck on charts and ringtone advertisements everywhere, but Katy Perry is an exception. She has attitude, and I like girls who serve their pop with a side of punk-rock.

Despite the annoyance factor of 'I Kissed A Girl' having reached an almighty ten (due to it being played ten times a day) the rest of her album *One of the Boys* is fun, catchy and far from cringe-worthy. The first and title track sets the tone for the whole CD: it's fast, poppy, and begs you to sing along to Perry's incredibly strong voice. Some of the songs, like 'I'm Still Breathing' and 'Lost' have a slower beat and more laid back feel, but the pumping beat of 'Hot n Cold' would be perfectly at home on any dance floor.

The hilarious song 'Ur So Gay' is a little on the slower side but is one of the highlights of the album. Written about her ex-boyfriend, it is also a great tool for making fun of emo boys: "you're so sad maybe you should buy a happy meal! you're so skinny you should really super-size the deal...secretly you're so amused that nobody understands you".

Where Perry shines best are the rockier-edged songs like 'Fingerprints', 'Waking Up In Vegas' and 'If You Can Afford Me'. There is even a rock mix version of 'I Kissed a Girl' on the album that makes for better listening than the original. These songs make *One of the Boys* worth listening to, as some of the other tracks can get a bit monotonous after several plays. Over all though, Katy Perry is a rare find with a diverse sound that makes her accessible and likable to listeners of music, other than pop.

Erin Velde



The Grates
Teeth Lost, Hearts Won
Dew Process

Yes, it's come to that time of the year when Aussie indie-poppers, The Grates have released their new album, *Teeth Lost, Hearts Won*. And it's the same cheerful pop that won our hearts the first time that's going to do it again with this album. But they have done some growing up too.

'Burn Bridges' is the single you've probably heard on regular rotation, on any half-decent radio station. It's a pop-punk extravaganza with Patience's squeals, crazy flutes, and a guitar riff that's just so damn fine! Things get a little softer for 'Carve Your Name,' a beautiful piano ballad, soft and smooth; just lovely. 'Aw Yeah' is a punk pop attack with lyrics like, "blood is thick and piss is thin / I'm full of one but not sure which / aw yeah!". I'm no doctor, but they're totally full of awesomeness. If they can come up with a song that is absolute melodic genius coupled with guitars, of course they're made of awesomeness. That's what makes the Grates so excellent, the fact that they can put a melody with various instruments and retain that pop-punk grit.

Songs like, 'Storms and Fevers' and 'The Sum of Every Part', show the more serious side of The Grates. Their lyrics explain the loneliness and fear involved with love. Soft melodies and vocals accompany these themes hand in hand. Perfect formula. Then we hear 'Earthquake,' which as the name suggests, is filled with distorted guitar on top of squeals and screams and with a great breakdown in the middle. Things get a bit country with 'Not Today' with additional vocals from Tim Fite.

As the album nears the end, final tracks like 'The Biggest and Longest Adventure Ever' and 'Let It Die' utilise the classic Grates shimmering pop formula, plus triangles (I swear I heard them!) All in all, if you were a fan last time, you're going to be even more so now. Don't forget to catch them when the come to Adelaide on October 12th.

Stamatina Hasiotis

On Dit

What's surfacing on compact disc?

Music Reviews

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT THIS IS NOT A CONSPIRACY THEORY

Through careful observation and some heated conversation it has become apparent to me the general consensus among the young (and not so young) lads about town is that girlfriends are not 'in'. Apparently we have a reputation for being needy, psycho, demanding, unstable and therefore must be placed in the 'too hard' basket and forgotten about.

I want to set the record straight and give the ladies their honour back. It is clear that boys think women/girlfriends and commitment, should be avoided at all costs. These views usually come from one or two bad experiences with girls who truly are needy, psycho and demanding. The problem here is that the lads do not realise that not all women are like that. My closest girlfriends are anything but this, yet somehow, the boys run every time they are offered something substantial. It seems pretty easy to me to say "yes" or "no" when it comes to wanting to be with someone, but the boys freak out.

What do you think we want? All a normal girl wants is someone who is loving. That's it, kids. She doesn't need a four-carat diamond, she doesn't need expensive dinners, she doesn't need to see you every day. What she does need is respect and love. And this does not come with infidelity, this does not come with being an asshole to her, this does not come from saying to everyone (but her) that you think relationships are bullshit and you never want to be with someone for a long period of time. Who do you think you are?

Another thing I realised is that most of the boys with this warped view actually have girlfriends. And it's no surprise they treat them like shit. The thought of being alone is too daunting but the thought of a real commitment - one that is open for all of his mates to see and deal with - is daunting too. Pathetic, don't you think? "Boy's night out, boy's night out" rings across the city while the psycho girl "can do whatever, I don't care, might see you later". See you later for what? Sex. Bah, that can be found anywhere. Chances are with a non-gallant attitude like that, you're pretty shit in the sack too.

There is so much a girl can take. She will do all she can to deal with your juvenile crap, your need to maintain the mindset of an eighteen year-old, she will suck it back and smile. You and your attitudes will wear her down, your lack of confidence and fear will fuel her and suddenly you will be alone. Well 'men', isn't it time you made the decision? Just say "yes" or "no". "Yes" to making it work. "No" to move on with your life. Both are right answers. Both are considerate. Both show respect. Breaking up with someone is much better than living a lie and ruining any chance either of you might have with someone right.

You say romance is dead but this is only so because you are too embarrassed to make a real crack of it. When you see a good mate of yours, unafraid to make the big decisions of love, you shoot him down. Little do you know, that when girls see such grand gestures, their hope is restored. The very mate you pay out because he doesn't give a shit about your opinion is what keeps us girls smiling.

She will dump you; that's a given. But do you really want to be dumped by someone you didn't even give a chance because your ego and your mates got in the way? Be a man, lads, and stand up for your girl. You might even realise she is quite mentally stable and is happy to maintain an equal and loving relationship with you. Just don't cheat on her.

A relationship does not mean the end of your social life. A relationship does not mean the end of you and your personality. If you really want it, you will make time for it and still maintain all that is dear to you, including her. Humans are simple creatures. There is no hidden agenda. But then again, I am only speaking for people like myself and my gals who are clear-headed, independent and seek a relationship to compliment, not complete their already interesting and fulfilled lives. We're not psychos boys, we just want a little more than the shell of a person you put on offer.

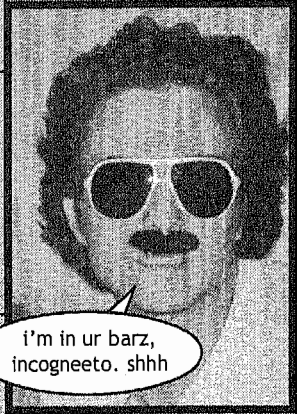
Be nice.
It's easy.

Lex xx

MAC DADDY'S

JOE'S NIGHTLIFE

"He knows, because he goes"



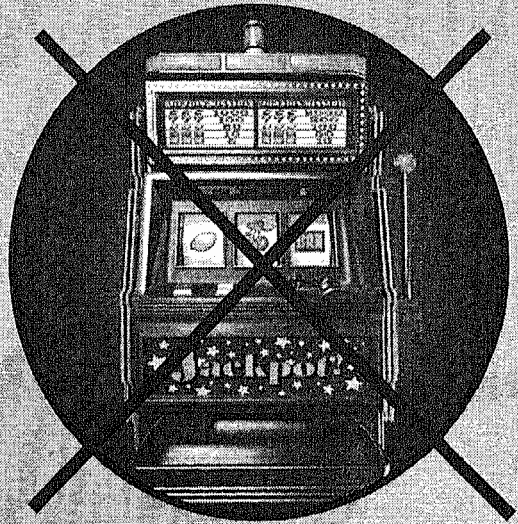
i'm in ur barz, incogneeto. shhh

SPRING IS SPRUNG

Spring is awesome. Summer is around the corner, the days get longer (as do the nights) and you can almost smell holidays. For the boys, girls around campus start to hooch it up. I swear, September 1st, it's kinda still cold but you wouldn't know it by the amount of skin on display. Don't worry I haven't forgotten the ladies either, umm... I guess there are more guys getting their jog on around campus? Eye-candy - awesome (note: I am not a pervert.)

In the last edition, I poured my poor little heart out about the perils of saving and being a nightlife editor. Well, the times they aren't a-changin', it's still the same, but that story is getting old. Real old. So, in terms of getting out and amongst the binge drinking Gen-Y-ers, my advice is to take advantage of this great weather. It's definitely not too hot, but also, it's not as cold as the sub-zero temperatures we experienced only weeks ago.

As a male who is often referred to as the Mayor of Sweatsville (form an orderly queue ladies), Spring is the poi-fect time for me to go out drinking and dancing and not look like I've just run the New York marathon. This is also your last chance since the new anti-smoking laws came in to enjoy the 'lower-than-summer' levels of BO permeating through pubs, bars and clubs around Adelaide. I must admit I much prefer nightlife-ing without the nicotine. Bless my little asthmatic lungs (do I get any cooler?).



What would this column be without a conspiracy theory? Pretty shit. With much deliberation the best I could come up with is how much I hate suburban pubs these days. Sure, last Christmas you would have found me knocking back the Jager's with pals at the Robin Hood (might I maintain that I have never been back since) and yes, I have been to the Ed in Mitcham once or twice, but seriously...no thanks.

I hate going to 'pubs' where they reek of pokies money. It's hardly a conspiracy theory but these schmicko, stainless steel, architecturally designed, soulless venues are all the result of one-armed bandits. I'm no Nick Xena: Pokies Warrior, but it's heartbreaking to see the obviously addicted hordes of patrons who prop these pubs and bars up. Hey Adelaide hoteliers, wake up and realise that focussing solely on pokies is really hurting the live music scene. Big props to The Gov (Hindmarsh) and The Astor (Putney St.) who pride themselves on live music and a zero pokie policy.

Off my high horse and back to Spring. A friend of mine alerted me to the joys of 80s music and might I add, this spring, bring back your old favourites from the decade that time certainly has not forgot. NOTE TO READER: NO.BON.JOVI. Apologies, 'Livin' on a Prayer' had its moments, but I think it has been done to death. Let's hear more Hall & Oates, Yazoo and Spandau Ballet. Unfortunately, this edition is too late for Jive's 80s night, but fingers crossed for another in the near future.

Well there you have it. Spring is a great time for watching the annual meat market at uni but a bad time for Eastern suburbs, pop-collared wearing preppy peeps, as you are most likely going to end up spending your days at pokie-pubs. All I can say, for the good and bad Spring times...more 80s!

Drink Responsibly.

Mac Daddy

**Apologies to the entire Eastern suburbs (you know you love it.)

80s FEVER!



fuzzy

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